



*Conantur tenues, grandia: dum pudor,
Imbellisq; lyre Niwa potens vetat.* —

3ff

POEMS

16

ON

Duplicata
Several Occasions.

By Mr. WALTER HARTE.



12 Lf

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT, at the Cross-
Keys between the Temple-Gates, in Fleetstreet.
M.DCC.XXVII.

АМЕОП

МО



У О С И О Д

Одна из первых книг в Библиотеке
Императора Петра I, напечатанная в
Лондоне в 1722 году. Видимо, это
была одна из первых книг, напечатанных
в Англии на русском языке.

DEDICATION.



TO

The Right Honourable

CHARLES

Earl of Peterborow
and Monmouth.

My Lord,

I fancy the publick will be
much surprized, when I
say your *Lordship* was the first
person who was pleased to take

* A 3

notice

vi DEDICATION.

notice of me. How little I deserve so much partiality, I leave the world to judge. Yet thus much I can affirm ; I only wish that these poems may live to posterity, to be a memorial of the gratitude rather than the genius

Of your Lordship's

most Humble, most Obliged,

and most Dutiful Servant,

W. HARTE.

3 A *



To the Reader, who may like to have a general idea of my life in London and elsewhere.

Advertisement.

IT will be necessary to inform the Reader, that the Author was under nineteen when all these Poems were written.

I ought here to say a word or two of my Essay on Painting. This performance is by no means correct in all its parts ; I had neither health, leisure, nor abilities equal to my design. 'Twas written at intervals, upon such remarks as casually occurr'd in my reading. Of course no exact connexion must be expected : tho' I might alledge,

* A 4

that

viii Advertisement.

that Horace uses as little in his Art of Poetry. I had finished the whole, before ever I saw Du Fresnoy; as will appear by comparison.



Longe pars vel certe pars de terra est illa
qui non habet regnum. Tunc per quod amicorum
habet I; et nequissimis tamen invenit eum quod
tempore existimat non possit aliud ratione
aliquam inveniri in mortali homo. T' angustia quae ei
in hunc tempore occurrat in secessu: **C A T A**
-ximus. Namque omnes quae in excessu
sunt in regno I' oddi: huiusque et hunc qui
est:



CATALOGUE O F S U B S C R I B E R S.

A.

*R*ight Honourable the Earl of Albemarle.

William Archer Esq;

Mrs. Archer.

Rev. Mr. George Atwood, B. D.

Mrs. Grace Asmond.

Benjamin Allicock Esq;

Rev. Mr. Allicock.

Mr. Richard Andrews.

Jeffery Archer, B. A. of Eman. Coll. Cambridge.

B.

Right Honourable the Earl of Berkshire.

Right Hon. the Lord Beauchamp.

Hon. James Baird Esq;

Dr.

S U B S C R I B E R S.

Dr. Blackmore.

Andrew Barnaby, *L.L.B. of St. John's, Cambridge.*

Richard Barford *Esq;*

Mr. Boulton.

Mr. Beale.

Thomas Batson Davis *Esq;*

Mr. Bush.

Rev. Mr. Benjamin Burges.

Mr. Buckeridge.

Thomas Baskerville *Esq;*

Mr. Francis Buckeridge, Bookseller, 3 Books.

Rev. Mr. Brooke, Fell. of Braze-nose Coll. Oxon.

George Bayly *Esq;*

Thomas Bennet, *Esq;*

Mrs. Baskerville.

John Blandy *Esq;*

Rev. Mr. Brent, Fell. of Pemb. Coll. Oxon.

Rev. Mr. Bennet.

Rev. Mr. Benson.

Charles Bayliffe *Esq;*

— Bridger *Esq; of New-Coll. Oxon.*

Mr. Brett, B. A. Fell. of New-Coll. Oxon.

Mrs. Bateman.

Mrs. Bond.

Mr. Bigg, Fell. of New-Coll. Oxon.

Mr. Belgrave, of St. John's, Cambridge,

Mr.

S U B S C R I B E R S.

xi

Mr. Ball, of St. John's, Cambridge.

Mr. Balguy, of St. John's, Cambridge.

Mr. Bellamy, of St. John's, Cambridge.

Mr. Richard Birkhead.

Mr. Boswell, of St. John's, Cambridge.

Mr. Thomas Birkitt, of St. John's, Cambridge.

Mrs. Susannah Barford.

C.

His Grace the Duke of Chandos.

*Right Hon. the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord of the
Bed-chamber to his Royal Highness the Prince
of Wales.*

Right Hon. the Earl Cowper.

*Hon. Col. John Campbell, Groom of the Bed-
chamber to her Royal Highness the Princess.*

*John Cholmeley Esq; Gen. Com. of New-Coll.
Oxon. 2 Books.*

Robert Cholmeley Esq; of St. John's, Cambridge.

Rev. Mr. Latimer Crosse.

Mrs. Elizabeth Crosse.

Dr. George Cheyne.

Mrs. Frances Clarke.

Mrs. Lucy Clarke.

*Rev. Mr. Clavering, Rector of St. Peter's, Marle-
borough. 2 Books.*

Rev. Mr. Coker, Canon of Sarum.

Mrs. Sarah Cooke.

Rev.

- Rev. Mr. Crosby.*
Rev. Mr. Coxe, Fell. of Balliol Coll. Oxon.
Rev. Mr. Richard Chambers.
Mr. William Costar.
Mrs. Clempson.
Rev. Mr. Robert Clarke.
Mr. Nicholas Church.
Mr. William Collins, Attorney.
Mr. Mat. Clarke.
Mrs. Thomasin Callwoodly.
William Calley Esq;
Mr. Charles Cruse.
John Clarke Esq;
Rev. Mr. Clarke, Rector of Hallebeach.
Mr. George Cooper.
Mr. Clayton, Schol. of Braze-nose, Oxon.
Hobbes Chapman Esq;
Mrs. Cook.
Mr. Craddock, of St. John's, Cambridge.
William Calvert, B. A. of Eman. Coll. Cambridge.
Rev. Mr. Chapman.
Mr. Conant, Com. of Pemb. Coll. Oxon.
Mrs. Cooper.
- D.
- Hon. Mrs. Dive, Maid of Honour to her Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.*
Rev.

S U B S C R I B E R S.

xiii

Rev. Mr. Dashwood, Rector of Eabourne.

Thomas Batson Davis Esq;

James Drake Esq;

Mr. Richard Day, Merchant.

Rev. Mr. Dodd, Rector of Maidwell.

Mr. Davison. Deceased.

Mr. Dickinson, of St. John's, Cambridge.

Mr. John Drake, of St. John's, Cambridge.

Mr. Dent, of St. John's, Cambridge.

E.

William Edmundson, S. T. P. Fell. of St. John's, Cambridge. 3 Books.

Rev. Mr. Erle Rector of Malmesbury.

Edward Erle, Esq.

Rev. Mr. Eyes, Viser. of Winchester School. 2 Books.

Rev. Mr. Eyre, Rector of Winterbourne.

Mr. Eedes, Gen. Com. of Edm. Hall, Oxon.

Mr. Walter Erle.

Mr. Robert Eyre.

Rev. Mr. Eaton, Fell. of Pem. Coll. Oxon.

Mr. Erle.

Mr. Egginton, of Magdalen Hall, Oxon.

Mr. Peter Ely.

F.

F.

Hon. Mrs. Fitz-William's, Maid of Honour to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

Elijah Fenton *Esq;*

Mrs. Catherine Fitch.

Rev. Mr. Bohun Fox, Vicar of Melkesham, 2 Books.

Mrs. Fullerton.

Rev. Mr. Franipton, Vicar of Broad-Hinton.

Rev. Mr. Daniel Fettiplace, Rector of Yatesbury.

Mr. William Fowle.

John Frederick *Esq; Gen. Com. of New Coll. Oxon.*

Rev. Mr. Furnivall, of Taunton.

Thomas Fletcher, *B. A. Fell. of All Souls, Oxon.*

Henry Farrington, *B. A. of Sidney Coll. Cambridge.*

G.

Rev. Mr. George Greenway, Rector of Kympton.

6 Books.

Rev. Mr. Anthony Giffard, Rector of Nuffield and Avington. 3 Books.

William Gibbons *Esq;*

Edward Grinfield *Esq;*

Capt. William Grinfield.

Mr. Richard Grinfield.

Mrs.

S U B S C R I B E R S .

xv

Mrs. Mary Graunt.

Thomas Gunston, jun. Esq;

Charles Garrard Esq;

Mr. Giddings.

Mr. Charles Gibbes.

Mr. Henry Gibbes.

Rev. Mr. Gough.

Rev. Mr. Griffith.

Richard Goddard Esq;

Rev. Mr. Gale.

Rev. Mr. Gibson.

Mr. Joseph Giffard.

Mr. Goddard, of St. John's, Cambridge.

H.

Right Hon. the Marquis of Hertford.

Right Hon. the Marchioness of Hertford. 5 Books.

Rt. Hon. Lady Margaret Herbert.

Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Herbert.

Right Hon. Lady Rebeccah Herbert. 2 Books.

Hon. Mrs. Anne How.

Hon. Mrs. Howard.

Hon. Mrs. Herbert.

Hon. Capt. William Herbert.

Hon. Nicholas Herbert Esq;

Tho-

xvi SUBSCRIBERS.

- Thomas Heywood, *D. D. Fell. of St. John's
Oxon.*
- Rev. Mr. Hildrop, *Master of Marlborough
School. 4 Books.*
- Mrs. Sarah Hildrop. *2 Books.*
- Philip Henshaw *Esq;*
- Mrs. Mable Henshaw.
- Mrs. Anne Henshaw.
- Lovelace Hayne *Esq; 9 Books.*
- Daniel Hayne *Esq; 6 Books.*
- Dr. Hardwick.
- Thomas Sumner Hippesly, *Esq;*
- Mrs. Anne Hurly.
- Philip Harcourt *Esq;*
- Mr. John Harte.
- Mrs. Joanna Hayne.
- Mrs. Elizabeth Hayne.
- James Hawley *Esq; of St. Mary Hall, Oxon.*
- Rev. Mr. Harris.
- Mrs. Hody.
- William Hersy *Gent.*
- Rev. Mr. Harrison.
- Willian Hunt *Esq;*
- Rev. Mr. Julines Herring.
- Mrs. Elizabeth Hellings.

•edt

Mrs.

S U B S C R I B E R S.

xvii

Mrs. Margaret Horton.

Edward Hurst Esq; Gen. Com. of New Coll. Oxon.

— Hayward, B. A. of Merton Coll. Oxon.

Mrs. Hunter.

James Hater Esq;

Mr. Hodson, of St. John's, Cambridge.

Mrs. Hinton.

Mrs. Heskins.

Mr. Matthew Harte.

Rev. Mr. Hughes, Rector of Coln St. Dennis.

Dr. Holmes, Fellow of St. John's, Oxon.

Mr. Higden, Sen. 6 Books.

I.

Sir Warren Jeson Bart.

Richard Jones Esq; 3 Books.

William James Esq;

William Jones Esq;

Justinian Isham Esq;

Justinian Isham (of Lamport) Esq;

Mrs. Isham.

Mrs. Vere Isham.

Mrs. Susannah Isham.

Mrs. Edmunda Isham.

Charles Isham Esq;

Mrs. Frances Jeson.

* a

Mr.

xviii S U B S C R I B E R S .

Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jenkins, of St. John's, Cambridge,

Rev. Mr. Itchener, Rector of Christian Malford.

Mrs. Winefred Itchener.

Mr. William Jones.

K.

William King, LL.D. and Principal of St. Mary-Hall, Oxon. 2 Books.

Dr Kimberley.

Mrs. Eliza Knight.

Rev. Mr. Kendrick.

Mr. Henry Kemm.

L.

Lady Maria Langham.

Rev. Mr. Line.

Mr. Leech. 6 Books.

Mr. John Liddiard, Jun.

Mr. Thomas Lypeat, Jun.

Mr. John Lucas, Attorney.

Mr. Thomas Lucas.

Mr. Edward Lucas.

b *

Mrs

Mr. Timothy Lucas.

Mr. Levet, Fell. of All Souls, Oxon.

Mr. Leigh, Gen. Com. of Wadham Coll. Oxon.

Rev. Mr. Loveday, Fell. of Bal. Coll. Oxon.

Rev. Mr. Moses Lloyd, Fell. of St. John's Cambr.

Henry Leftus, B. A. of St. John's, Cambridge.

Mr. Lewes Lewes, of St. John's, Cambridge.

Mr. Lovell, of St. John's, Cambridge.

John Leake, of Oxon. Gent.

M.

Sir William Morrice, Bart. 2 Books.

Sir Richard Moore, Bart.

James Markham Esq;

Mrs. Anne Markham.

James Mountague Esq;

Thomas Mann Esq;

Rev. Mr. Matthews, Rector of Alton. 2 Books.

Mr. Mallard, Usber of Marlborough-School. 2 Books

Mr. James Milns.

Mr. John Moore.

Rev. Mr. Samuel May.

— Metcalfe Esq;

* a z

Rev.

Rev. Mr. Matthews.

Mr. Meares, Gen. Com. of Pemb. Coll. Oxon.

Mr. Marchant, Com. of Pemb. Coll. Oxon.

N.

Edward Nicholas Esq;

Rev. Mr. Newcome.

Thomas Newman Gent.

Mr. Richard Naldor.

O.

Edward Owen, B.D. Fell. of St. John's, Oxon.

2 Books.

Mr. Oddie, of St. John's, Cambridge.

Mr. Henry Overton.

P.

*Right Hon. the Countess of Pomfret, Lady of the
Bed-chamber to her Royal Highness the Princess
of Wales.*

Alexander Pope Esq; 4 Books.

Rev. Dr. Panting, Master of Pemb. Coll. Oxon.

Daniel Primrose, LL.D. Fell. St. John's, Oxon.

Tho-

S U B S C R I B E R S.

xxi

- Thomas Parrot, *LL. D. Fell. of St. John's, Oxon.*
Rev. Mr. Peynton, Fell. of Winchester Coll.
6 Books.
Rev. Mr. Thomas Penwarne. 5 Books.
Rev. Mr. Christopher Pitt, Rector of Pimpern.
Thomas Philips *Esq;*
Mrs. Anne Powell.
Thomas Parkins *Esq;*
Rev. Mr. Pierce, Rector of Cottesbrook.
Rev. Mr. John Pocock, Rector of Mildenhall.
Rev. Mr. Perry.
Rev. Mr. Pierce.
Rev. Mr. Charles Perrot.
Mr. Nathaniel Primate.
Mr. Humphry Primate.
Mrs. Anne Primate.
Richard Price, *B. A. of St. John's, Cambridge.*
John Pinsent, *B. A. of St. John's, Cambridge.*
Mr. William Pattison.
Mr. Henry Peyton, *of St. John's, Cambridge.*
Mr. Samuel Pegg, *of St. John's, Cambridge.*
Mr. John Penn, *of St. John's, Cambridge.*
Mr. Peachy, *Com. of Pemb. Coll. Oxon.*

xxii SUBSCRIBERS.

Mons^r. St. Quintin.

Q.

His Grace the Duke of Richmond.

Sir Jemmet Raymond Knt.

Lady Raymond. 3 Books.

Jonathan Raymond Esq; Gen. Com. of Pemb. Coll.
Oxon.

Thomas Rowney Esq; Member of Parliament for
the City of Oxon.

Rev. Mr. Ratcliffe, Fell. of Pemb. Coll. Oxon.

Rev. Mr. Rainstorf.

Mr. Rainstorf.

Mr. John Richards.

Mr. Reynell, M. A. Fell. of New Coll. Oxon.

Mr. Radcliffe, Com. of Braze-nose Coll. Oxon.

Mr. Oliver Rouse, of St. John's, Cambridge.

Mr. William Robinson, of St. John's, Cambridge.

S.

Right Hon. the Earl of Scarborough, Master of
the Horse to his Royal Highness the Prince of
Wales.

Right

SUBSCRIBERS.

xxiii

- Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury. 2 Books.
Right Hon. the Lord Somerville. 2 Books.
Right Hon. Lady Somerville. 2 Books.
Sir John Stonehouse Bart. 2 Books.
Hon. Lady Betty Seymour. Mr. Edward Snow.
Hon. Mrs. St. John. Mrs. Wm. Smith.
Dr. Stratford, Canon of Christ-Church. Wm. Smith.
William Sloper Esq; 4 Books. Wm. Scott.
William Shaw Esq; 2 Books. Rev. Wm. Roper.
Charles Shaw Esq; 2 Books. Rev. Wm. Peacock.
Rev. Mr. Ralph Shirley, Rector of Wickham and Peasmore. Robert Scawen.
Rev. Mr. Sandby, Prebend of Worcester. Wm. Isaac.
Edward Seymour Esq; 2 Books. Wm. Johnson.
Ambrose Saunders Esq; 2 Books. Wm. Johnson.
Dr. George Stibbes. Rev. Mr. Sandby.
Mrs. Stratton. 2 Books. Wm. Stocoe.
Rev. Mr. Sansbury. Wm. Barfield Smith.
Rev. Mr. Smallwell. Wm. George Smith.
Dr. Sadler. Wm. Johnson.
Mr. Thomas Stephens. Wm. Stockwell.
Thomas Scriven Esq; Gen. Com. of Pemb. Coll. Wil.
Oxon. Wm. Worlsey, Rector of Repton.

* a 4

xxiv SUBSCRIBERS.

- William Serle, *LL.D.*
Rev. Mr. Tipping Silvester.
John Smith *Esq;*
Rev. Mr. Servington Savery.
Mr. Edward Snow.
Rev. Mr. Smith.
Walter Smith *Esq;*
Mr. Scull.
Rev. Mr. Robert Selwood.
Rev. Mr. Benjamin Smith.
Mr. Simsy, of St. John's, Cambridge.
Robert Scawen *Esq;* Gen. Com. of Oriel Coll. Oxon.
Mr. Isaac Selfe, Com. of Oriel Coll. Oxon.
Mr. Josuah Scott, of St. John's, Cambridge.
Mr. John Scott, of St. John's, Cambridge.
Rev. Mr. Sandilands.
Mrs. Slocock.
Mrs. Barbara Smith.
Mr. George Smith, of St. John's, Cambridge.
Mr. John Silvester.
Mrs. Stockwell.

Mr. Thomas Scawen, M.A. Com. of Oriel Coll.

the Hon. Sir H. R. Fox.

T. Oxford.

Mr. Thomas Scawen, M.A. Com. of Oriel Coll.

the Hon. Sir H. R. Fox.

T. Oxford.

Mr. Thomas Scawen, M.A. Com. of Oriel Coll.

the Hon. Sir H. R. Fox.

T. Oxford.

S U B S C R I B E R S.

xxv

T.

Right Hon. the Earl of Thomond.

Mrs. Mary Tudman.

Alexander Thistlthwaite Esq;

Francis Thistlthwaite Esq; sen.

Francis Thistlthwaite Esq; jun.

Bartholomew Tipping Esq;

Mr. Tipping, Gen. Com. of Trinity Coll. Oxon.

Robert Tracy Esq; Gen. Com. of New Coll. Oxon.

2 Books.

John Tracy Esq; Gen. Com. of New Coll. Oxon.

2 Books.

Rev. Mr. Twells, Rector of St. Mary's, Marleborough.

Rev. Mr. Tudor.

Mr. Titcomb.

John Taylor, B. A. Fell. of St. John's, Cambridge.

Mr. Roger Tuvor, of St. John's, Cambridge.

Mr. Gerard Townsend, of St. John's, Cambridge.

Rev. Mr. Teswell.

Rev. Mr. Triplett.

Rev. Mr. Twentyman, Rector of Keinton.

U.

xxvi SUBSCRIBERS.

V.

Hon. Mrs. Vane, Maid of Honour to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.
Mrs. Vanbrugh.
Rev. Mr. Vesey.

W.

Right Hon. the Lord Winchelsea. (Deceased.)
Hon. Lady Maria Willmore.
Hon. Philip Wenman Esq;
*Thomas Wharton, B. D. Professor of Poetry for
the University of Oxon.*
William Wykes Esq;
Mrs. Grace Wykes.
Samuel Walker Esq; of Balliol Coll. Oxon.
George Willoughby Esq;
Samuel Whitelocke Esq;
Bulstrode Whitelocke Esq;

Fran-

S U B S C R I B E R S.

xxvii

Francis Wroughton *Esq*;

Mrs. Dorothy Wither.

William Walters *Esq*; *Gen. Com. of Edmund-Hall, Oxon.*

Rev. Mr. Wood, Master of Abingdon-School.

Philip Weston *Esq*;

Mrs. Jane Willoughby.

Rev. Mr. Wells.

Rev. Mr. Warr.

Eustace Walker, *Esq*;

— Williams *Esq*;

Rev. Mr. Wakefield, Rector of East-Woodhay.

2 Books.

Mr. John Wood, of St. John's, Cambridge.

John Wilkinson, B. A. of Eman. Coll. Cambridge.

Mr. William Ward. of Christ Coll. Cambridge.

Rev. Mr. Webb.

Rev. Mr. Whitfield.

Mr. Aaron Winter.

Mr. William Watson.

Mr. John Wright.

Mr.

Mr. Josuah Welfrec.

John Wallis, Esq;

Mr. Willoughby.

The Honourable Charles Craven Esq;

Mrs. Craven.

Mrs. Anne Flemming.



I N D E X.

- A N Essay on Painting. *Inscribed to the Earl of Pembroke.* — — p. 1
- Acontius to Cydippe, from Ovid. — p. 43
- Part of Pindar's first Pythian Ode, paraphrased. p. 57
- Episode of Orpheus and Eurydice. From Virgil's 4th Georgic. — — — p. 65
- To the Right Hon. the Lady Hertford, upon the Birth of the Lord Beauchamp. — — p. 71
- The Army of Adraustus, and his Allies, marching from Argos to the Siege of Thebes. From the 4th Thebaid of Statius. — — — p. 75
- A Simile on a set of Tea-drinkers. — — p. 78
- The same: diversified in auncient metre. p. 79
- A Soliloquy, occasion'd by the chirping of a Grass-hopper. — — — p. 80
- The Story of Arethusa. From the 4th Book of Ovid's Metamorphosis. — — p. 83
- Ange-

xxx I N D E X.

- Angerianus de Cæliâ. Epig. 40. — p. 90
 Cupid Mistaken. From the Sports of Cupid,
 written by Angerianus. — p. 91
 To a young Lady, with Mr. Fenton's Miscellany. p. 94
 To Mr. Pope. — — — p. 99
 The Sixth Thebaid of Statius. — — — p. 103
 Notes upon the Sixth Thebaid. — — — p. 183

Divine Poems, viz.

- Psalm the 104th Paraphrased. — p. 229
 Psalm the 107th Paraphrased. — p. 235
 To my Soul. From Chaucer. — p. 243



A N
E S S A Y
O N
P A I N T I N G.
To the Right Honourable
T H O M A S
Earl of PEMBROKE,

Μιμητικὴ [Ποίησις] τέχνη καὶ λύρα μὲν ἐστιν αὐλιστρός τῷ
ζωγράφῳ, ζωγράφιαν μὲν λέγοντι ἔνται φθεγγομένην τὴν
ποίησιν, ποίησιν δὲ σιγουσαν τὴν ζωγράφιαν.

Plutarch. de audiend, Poet,

— — — — — *Poema*
Est Pictura loquens, mutum Pictura Poema.

У А З З Э
И О

ЭНИТАП

FEST OF PEGAROKE

to receive his wife (and his) family
in Kinsale and visit the castle - which
adjoins the castle is much more
handsome than the castle itself.

.....
.....



E S S A Y

ON

P A I N T I N G.

WHATEVER yet in *Poetry* held true,
If duly weigh'd, holds just in *Paint-*

ing too :

Alike to profit, and delight they tend ;

The means may vary, but the same their end.

Alike from heav'n, congenial first they came,

The same their labours, and their praise the same :

An ESSAY

Alike by turns they touch the conscious heart,
And each on each reflects the lights of art,

You nobler youths who listen to my lays,
And scorn by vulgar arts to merit praise :
Look cautious round, your genius nicely know,
And mark how far its utmost stretch will go ;
Pride, envy, hatred, labour to conceal,
And sullen prejudice, and party-zeal ;
Approve, examine, and then last believe—
For friends mislead, and critics still deceive,
Who takes his censure, or his praise on trust,
Is kind, 'tis true, but never can be just.

But where's the man with gen'rous zeal inspir'd,
Dear in each age, in ev'ry art admir'd ?

* Blest with a genius strong, but unconfin'd,
 A spritely wit, with sober judgment join'd,
 A love of learning, and a patient mind ;
 A vig'rous fancy, such as youth requires,
 And health, and ease, and undisturb'd desires.
 Who spars no pains his own defects to know,
 Who not forgives, but ev'n admires a foe ;
 By manners sway'd, which stealing on the heart,
 Charm more thro' ease, and happiness, than art.
 Such *Titian* was, by nature form'd to please,
 Blest in his fortunes, born to live at ease :
 Who felt the Poet's, or the Painter's fire,
 Now dipp'd the pencil, and now tun'd the lyre :
 Of gentlest manners in a court refin'd,
 A friend to all, belov'd of all mankind ;

* *Sit vir talis, qualis verè sapiens appellari possit, nec moribus modo perfectus, sed etiam scientiā, & omni facultate dicendi, qualis fortasse adhuc nemo fuerit.* *Quintilian.*

The † muse's glory, as a * monarch's care,

Dear to the gay, the witty, and the fair !

But ah ! how long will nature ask to give
A soul like his, and bid a wonder live ?

Rarely a *Titian*, or a *Pope* appears,

The forming glory of a thousand years !

A proper taste we all derive from heav'n,
Wou'd all but bless, and manage what is giv'n.

Some secret impulse moves in ev'ry heart,

And nature's pleas'd with gentle strokes of art ;

Most souls, 'tis true, this blessing faintly charms ;

A distant flame, that rather shines, than warms :

Like rays, thro' wintry streams reflected, falls

Its dubious light, in glimm'ring intervals.

† * *Titian* was created Count *Palatine* by *Charles V.* and
most intimately acquainted with *Ariosto*, *Aretine*, &c.

Like *Maro* first with trembling hand design

Some humble work, and study line by line :

A *Roman* urn, a grove-encircled bow'r,

The blushing cherry, or the bending flow'r.

Painful, and slow to noble arts we rise,

And long long labours wait the glorious prize ;

Yet by degrees your steadier hand shall give

A bolder grace, and bid each object live.

So in the depths of some sequester'd vale,

The weary peasant's heart begins to fail :

Slowly he mounts the huge high cliff with pain,

And prays in thought he might return again :

'Till opening all at once beneath his eyes,

The verdant trees, and glittering turrets rise : }
He springs, he triumphs, and like light'ning flies. }

Ev'n *Raphael's* self from rude essays began,

And shadow'd with a coal his shapless man.

Time was, when *Pope* for rhymes would knit his
 brow,
 And write as tasteless lines—as I do now.

'Tis hard a spritely fancy to command,
 And give a respite to the lab'ring hand ;
 Hard as our eager Passions to restrain,
 When Priests, and self-denial plead in vain :
 When pleasures tempt, and inclinations draw,
 When vice is nature, and our will the law.
 As vain we strive each trivial fault to hide,
 That shows but little judgment, and more pride.
 Like some nice prude, offensive to the sight,

* Exactness gives at best a cold delight;

* *Odiosa cura est—Optima enim sunt minimè acerbita, & simplicibus ab ipsa veritate profectis similia.* *Quintil. Lib. 8. Cap. 3. in Proem.*

Each

Each painful stroke disgusts the lively mind; *cl W**
For art is lost, when overmuch refin'd. *andl 2nd 1774 V*
So nice reformers their own faith betray, *and 2nd W*
And school-divines distinguish sense away. *and bbaA*
To err is mortal, do what e'er we can, *and 1st 1774 W*
Some faulty trifles will confess the man. *19th yd sh 1774 T*
Dim spots suffuse the lamp that gilds the sky, *1st 1774 T*
If nicely trac'd thro' *Galilæo's eye.* *Unscord b'd 1774 U*
Wiseſt are they, who each mad whim repress, *1st 1774 D*
And ſhun gross errors, by committing less. *wod oT*
major slangs need blod quidam et lus. 2nd 1774 W
Still let due decencies preserve your fame, *1st bnaA*
Nor muſt the pencil ſpeak the master's shame. *1st W*
Each nobler ſoul in ev'ry age was giv'n. *bna s ni bnaA*
To bless mankind, for arts descend from heav'n. *1st W*
Gods! ſhall we then their pious uſe profane, *1st bnaA*
To oblige the young, the noble, or the vain! ** 1st bnaA*
entitl'd 12. annunt. now addit. edition; pernicious
pernicious. 1774. many more print.
Who-

* Whoever meditates some great design,
 Where strength and nature dawn at every line,
 Where art and fancy full perfection give,
 And each bold figure glows, and seems to live :
 Where lights and shades in sweet disunion play,
 Rise by degrees, or by degrees decay ;
 Far let him shun the busy noise of life,
 Untouch'd by cares, unumber'd with a Wife.
 Bear him, ye Muses ! to sequester'd woods,
 To bow'ry grottoes, and to silver floods !
 Where peace, and friendship hold their gentle reign,
 And Love unarm'd sits smiling on the plain.
 Where nature's beauties variously unite,
 And in a landskip open on the sight.
 Where contemplation lifts her silent eye,
 And lost in vision travels o'er the sky.

* Aptissima sunt in hoc nemora, sylvaeque ; quod illa cœli libertas, locorumq; amænitas sublimem animum, & beatorem spiritum parent. Quintilian.

Soft

Soft as his ease the whisp'ring Zephyrs blow,
Calm as his thoughts the gentle waters flow :
Hush'd are his cares, extinct are Cupid's fires,
And restless hopes, and impotent desires.

* But Nature first must be your darling care ;
Unerring Nature, without labour fair.
Art from this source derives her true designs,
And sober judgment cautiously refines.
No look, no posture must mishap'd appear :
Bold be the work, but boldly regular.
When mercy pleads, let softness melt the eyes ;
When anger storms, the swelling muscles rise.
A soft emotion breathes in simple love,
The heart just seems to beat, the eye to move.

* Videantur omnia ex Naturâ rerum, hominumq; fluere—
Hoc opus, hic labor est ; sine quo, cætera nuda, jejuna, infirma, ingrata. *Quintil. Lib. 6. cap. 2.*

Gently,

Gently, ah! gently, *Languor* seems to die,
Now drops a tear, and now steals out a sigh.
Let awful *Jove* his lifted thunders wield ;
Place azure *Neptune* in the watry field.
Round smiling *Venus* draw the faithless boy,
Surmize, vain hopes, and short-enduring joy.
But should you dress a nymph in monstrous ruff,
Or saintly nun profane with modish snuff :
Each fool will cry, O horridly amis !
The painter's mad, mend that, and alter this.

From heav'n descending, beauteous Nature came,
One clear perfection, one eternal flame,
Whose lovely lights on ev'ry object fall
By due degrees, yet still distinguish all.
Yet as the best of mortals are sometimes
Not quite exempt from folly or from crimes ;
There are, who think that nature is not free
From some few symptoms of deformity.

Hence

Hence springs a doubt, if Painters may be thought
To err, who copy nature in a fault,
Led by some servile rule, whose pow'r prevails
On imitation, when th' example fails.
Poets, and Painters here employ your skill ;
Be this the doctrine of your good and ill,
Enough to pose the critics of a nation,
Nice as the rules of Puritan-salvation.

* Yet if the seeds of art we nicely trace ;
There dawns a heav'nly, all-inspiring grace,
No tongue expresses it, no rule contains ;
(The glorious cause unseen) th' effect remains ;
Fram'd in the brain, it flows with easy art,
Steals on the Sense, and wins the yielding heart.

* *Tradi omnia, quæ ars efficit, non possunt.*

Quintil. Lib. 8. cap. 10.

Vide etiam quæ sequuntur de Pictore.

A pleasing vigour mixt with boldness charms,

And happiness compleats what passion warms.

* Nor is it thought a trifle, to express
The various shapes, and foldings of the dress,

With graceful ease the pencil to command,

And copy nature with a hasty hand.

Thro' the clear robe the swelling muscles rise,

Or heaving breasts, that decently surprise;

As some coy virgin with dejected mien

Conceals her charms, yet hopes they may be seen,

† Be ev'ry person's proper habit known,

Peculiar to his age, or sex alone.

* Non refert quid facias, sed quo loco. Nam ornatus omnis non tam suâ, quam rei cui adhibetur, conditione constat.

Quintil. Lib. II. cap. I.

† Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuiq;

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumq;, jubebo

Doctum imitatorem.

Horat. de Art Poet.

In flowing robes the monarch sweeps along,
Large are the foldings, natural, and strong :
Wide ample lights in spreading glories play,
And here contrasted, deeper shades decay.
The virgin-pow'rs who haunt the silver floods,
And hoary hills, and consecrated woods,
Soft strokes, and graceful negligence demand,
The nice resultance of an easy hand ;
Loose to the winds their airy garnments fly
Like filmy dews, too tender for the eye.

But e'er these charms are to perfection wrought,
Adapted manuals must be nicely sought.
Gay vivid colours must the draught inspire,
Now melt with sweetness, and now burn with fire.
A northern sky must aid the steady sight,
Else the shades alter with the transient light.

Methinks

Methinks the loaded table stands display'd,
Each niccr vase " in mystic order laid.
Here ocean's mistress heaps around her shells
Beauteous, and recent from the sea-green cells;
The taper pencils here are rang'd apart,
There chalk, lead, vials, and loose schemes of art.
So when bold *Churchill* with a gen'rals care,
Eyes his brave *Britons* crowding to the war,
Watchful, and silent move the dutious bands,
One look excites them, and one breath commands.

Hail happy *Painting* ! to confirm thy sway,
Ocean, and air their various tributes pay.
The purple * insect spreads her wings to thee,
Wafts o'er the breeze, or glitters on the tree.
Earth's winding veins unnumber'd treasures hold,
And the warm champion ripens into gold.

* *The Cochineel.*

A clearer blue the *Lazuli* bestows,
Here Umber deepens, there Vermilion glows.
For thee, her tender greens, and flourets rise,
Whose colours change in ever-mingling dyes ;
Ev'n those fair groves (for *Eden* first design'd)
Weep in soft fragrance thro' their balmy rind :
Transparent tears ! that glitter as they run,
Warm'd with the blushes of the rising sun.

Here cease my song — a gentler theme inspires
Each tender thought, and wakes the lover's fires.
Once more your aid celestial muses bring ;
Sacred the lays ! nor to the deaf we sing.

* In antient *Greece* there liv'd, unknown to fame,
A nymph, and *Mimicina* was her name.

* This story, with several others, is mentioned by most
ancient writers. I have chosen it as the most poetical.

Smit by a neighb'ring youth betimes she fell
Victim to love, and bade the world farewell.
Thoughtful and dull she pin'd her bloom away
In lonely groves, nor saw the cheerful day.
This might be borne——but lo ! her lovely swain
Must part, ah, never to return again !
One mutual kiss must mutual passion sever,
One look divide 'em, and divide for ever !
See, now she lies abandon'd to despair,
And to rude winds unbinds her flowing hair :
Beauteous neglect ! when melting to her woes,
A *Sylvan* maid from her dark grotto rose :
(Long had she view'd the solitary fair,
Her bleeding bosom heav'd with equal care)
A heav'nly *Picture* in her hand she bore,
She smil'd, she gave it, and was seen no more—
Pleas'd *Mimicina*, speechless with surprise,
Ey'd the fair form, and lightning of the eyes :

She knew—and sighing gave a tender kiss ;
Her noble passion was content with this :
No more his absence, or her woes deplor'd,
And as the living, she the dead ador'd.

Thus Painting rose, to nourish soft desires,
And gentle hopes, and friendship's purer fires :
Thus still the lover must his nymph adore,
And sigh to charms, that ought to charm no more.
Thus when these eyes, with kind illusions blest,
Survey each grace *Parthenia* once posselt :
Her winning sweetness, and attractive ease,
And gentle smiles that never fail'd to please ;
Heav'ns ! how my fancy kindles at the view,
And my fond heart relents, and bleeds anew !
Fair faithless virgin ! with constraint unkind,
Mis-led by duty, and thro' custom blind :

Perhaps ev'n now, from pride and int'rest free,
Thou shar'st each pang of all I felt for thee ;
Ah, no—my pray'rs, my tears, my vows resign,
Alas, 'tis now a crime to call me thine,
To act the tender, or the friendly part ;
No—hate, forget me, tear me from thy heart.

Yet still thy smiles in breathing paint inspire,
Still thy kind glances set my soul on fire.
Thither each hour I lift my thoughtful eye,
Now drop a tear, now softly breathe a sigh ;
Sacred 'till death my gentlest vows shall be,
And the last gasp of life be breath'd for thee !

You too, O Sculpture, shall exalt my lays,
Pictura's Sister-candidate for praise !

Soft

Soft *Raphael's* air divine, * *Antonio* shows ;
And all *Le Brun* in mimic † *Picart* glows.
Hither ye nations, now direct your eyes,
Rise crown'd with lustre, gentle *Albion* rise !
Now thy soft *Hollar*, now thy *Smith* appears,
A faultless pattern to succeeding years ;
There ** sacred domes in length'ning *Vista*'s charm,
And *British* Beauties here for ever warm.

Most Painters of less judgment, than caprice,
Are like old maidens infamously nice :
It matters nought if rules be false or true,
All shou'd be modish, whimsical and new ;
Fond of each change, the present still they praise,
So women love—and actors purchase plays.

*† Two engravers, famous for their prints copied from *Raphael* and *Le Brun*.

** Alluding to *Hollar's* Etchings in the *Monasticon*.

As if self-love, or popular offence,
Recciv'd a sanction to mislead our sense ;
Or party-notions, vapours, faith, and zeal
Were all, at proper times, infallible.
True wit, and true religion are but one,
Tho' some pervert 'em, and ev'n most have none.
Who thinks what others never thought before,
Acts but just that his sons will act no more.
Yet on a time, when vig'rous thoughts demand,
Indulge a warmth, and prompt the daring hand :
On purpose deviate from the laws of art,
And boldly dare to captivate the heart ;
Breasts warm'd to rapture shall applaud your fire,
May disapprove you, but shall still admire.
The *Grecian* artist at one dash, supply'd
What patient touches, and slow art deny'd.
So when pale *Florio* in the gloomy grove
Sits sadly musing on the plagues of love,

When

When hopes and fears distract his tim'rous mind,
And fancy only makes the nymph unkind :
Desp'rate at last he rushes from the shade,
By force and warm address to win the maid :
His brisk attack the melting nymph receives
With equal warmth, he presses, she forgives ;
One moment crowns whole tedious years of pain,
And endless griefs, and health consum'd in vain.

Of ev'ry beauty that conspires to charm
Man's nicer judgment, and his genius warm,
To just invention be the glory giv'n,
A particle of light deriv'd from heav'n.
Unnumber'd rules t' improve the gift are shown
By ev'ry critic, to procure it, none.

Some colours often to the rest impart
New graces, more thro' happiness, than art.

This nicely study'd, will your fame advance,
The greatest beauties seldom come by chance.

Some gaze at ornament alone, and then
So value paint, as women value men.
It matters nought to talk of truth, or grace,
Religion, genius, customs, time, and place.
So judge the vain, and young; nor envy we:
They cannot think indeed—but they may see.
Excessive beauty, like a flash of light,
Seems more to weaken, than to please the sight.
In one gay thought luxuriant *Ovid* writ,
And *Voiture* tires us, but with too much wit.

Some all their value for *Grotesque* express,
Beauty they prize, but beauty in excess:
Where each gay figure seems to glare apart,
Without due grace, proportion, shades, or art.

(The

(The sad remains of *Goths* in ancient times,
And rev'rend dullness, and religious rhymes)
So youthfnl poets ring their music round
On one eternal harmony of sound.
“ The lines are gay,” and whosoe'er pretends
To search for more, mistakes the writer's ends.

Colours, like words, with equal care are sought,
These please the sight, and those express the thought,
But most of all, the *Landscape* seems to please
With calm repose, and rural images.
See, in due lights th' obedient objects stand,
As happy ease exalts the master's hand.
See, absent rocks hang trembling in the sky,
See, distant mountains vanish from the eye ;
A darker verdure stains the dusky woods :
Floats the green shadow in the silver floods ;

Fair

Fair visionary worlds surprise the view,
And fancy forms the golden age a-new.

True just designs will merit honour still ;
Who begins well, can scarcely finish ill.
Unerring truth must guide your hand aright,
Art without this is violence to sight.—

The first due postures of each figure trace
In swelling out-lines with an easy grace.
But the prime person mostly will demand
Th' unwearied touches of thy patient hand :
There thought, and boldness, strength, and art
conspire,
The critic's judgment, and the painter's fire ;
It lives, it moves, it swells to meet the eye :
Behind the mingling groupes in softer shadows die.

Never

Never with self-design your merits raise,
Nor let your tongue be echo to your praise.
To wiser heads commit such points as these,
A modest blush will tell how much they please.

In days of yore, a prating lad, they say,
Met glorious *Reubens* journeying on the way :
Sneering, and arch he shakes his empty head,
(For half-learn'd boys will talk a *Solon* dead)
Your servant good Sir *Paul*, why, what, the devil,
The world to you is more than fairly civil ;
No life, no gusto in your pieces shine,
Without decorum, as without design—

Sedate to this the heav'n-born artist smil'd,
" Nor thine nor mine to speak our praise, my child !
" Each shall expose his best to curious eyes,
" And let th' impartial world adjust the prize.

Let

Let the soft colours sweeten and unite
To one just form, as all were shade, or light.

Nothing so frequent charms th' admiring eyes
As well-tim'd fancy, and a sweet surprise.

* So when the *Grecian* labour'd to disclose
His nicest art, a mimic lark arose :

The fellow-birds in circles round it play'd,
Knew their own kind, and warbled to a shade.

So *Vandervaart* in later times excell'd,
And nature liv'd in what our eyes beheld.

** He too can oft, (in optics deeply read)
A noon-day darkness o'er his chamber spread.

* See *Pliny's natural History*, lib. 35. cap. 10.

** This practice is of no late invention. *Baptista Porta*,
who flourish'd about the year 500, gives an ingenious ac-
count of it in his *Natural Magic*, lib. 17. How useful this
may be to young Painters, is not my province to determine.

The transient objects sudden as they pass
O'er the small convex of the visual glass,
Transfer'd from thence by magic's pow'rful call,
Shine in quick glories on the gloomy wall ;
Groves, mountains, rivers, men surprize the sight,
Trembles the dancing world, and swims the wavy
light.

* Each varying figure in due place dispose,
These boldly heighten, touch but faintly those.
Contiguous objects place with judgment nigh,
Each due proportion swelling on the eye.
Remoter views insensibly decay,
And lights, and shadows sweetly drop away.
In bluish white the farthest mounts arise,
Steal from the eye, and melt into the skies.

* Singula quæq; locum teneant fortita decenter.
Hoc amat obscurum, vult hoc sub luce videri.

Horat.

Hence

Hence sacred domes in length'ning iles extend,
Round columns swell, and rising arches bend :
Oblique views in side-long *Vista's* glance,
And bending groves in fancy seem to dance.

Two equal lights descending from the sky,
O'erpow'r each other, and confuse the eye.

Unerring truth must guide your hand aright,
Art without this, is violence to sight.

The greatest pleasures tire the most, and such
Still end in vices if enjoy'd too much.
Tho' Painters often to the shades retire,
Yet too long ease but serves to quench the fire.
Wing'd with new praise, methinks they boldly fly
O'er airy *Alps*, and seem to touch the sky.

Still

Still true to fame, here well-wrought busts decay,
High turrets nod, and arches sink away.
Ev'n the bare walls, whose breathing figures glow'd
With each warm stroke that living art bestow'd,
Or slow decay, or hostile time invades,
And all in silence the fair *Fresco* fades.
Each image yet in fancy'd thoughts we view,
And strong idea forms the scene a-new :
Delusive, she, *Paulo's* free stroke supplies,
Revives the face, and points th' enlight'ning eyes.

'Tis thought each science, but in part, can boast
A length of toils for human life at most :
(So vast is art !) if this remark prove true,
'Tis dang'rous sure to think at once of two,
And hard to judge if greater praise there be
To please in Painting, or in Poetry ;

Yet

Yet Painting lives less injur'd, or confin'd,
True to th' idea of the master's mind :
In ev'ry nation are her beauties known,
In ev'ry age the language is her own :
Nor time, nor change diminish from her fame ;
Her charms are universal, and the same.
O, could such blessings wait the Poet's lays,
New beauties still, and still eternal praise !
Ev'n tho' the Muses ev'ry strain inspire,
Exalt his voice, and animate his lyre :
Ev'n tho' their art each image shou'd combine
In one clear light, one harmony divine ;
Yet ah, how soon the casual bliss decays,
How great the pains, how transient is the praise !
Language, frail flow'r, is in a moment lost,
(That only product human wit can boast)
Now gay in youth, its early honours rise,
Now hated, curst, it fades away, and dies.

Yet

Yet verse first rose to soften human kind,
To mend their manners, and exalt their mind.
See, savage beasts stand list'ning to the lay,
And men more furious, and more wild than they ;
Ev'n shapeless trees a second birth receive,
Rocks move to form, and statues seem to live.
Immortal *Homer* felt the sacred rage,
And pious *Orpheus* taught a barb'rous age ;
Succeeding Painters thence deriv'd their light,
And durst no more than those vouchsaf'd to write.
At last t' adorn the gentler arts, appears
Illustrious *Zeuxis* from a length of years.
Parrhasius' hand with soft'ning strokes exprest
The nervous motions, and the folded vest :
Pregnant of life his rounded figures rise,
With strong *relievo* swelling on the eyes.
Euenor bold, with fair *Apelles* came,
And happy *Nicias* crown'd with deathless fame.

At length from *Greece*, of impious arms afraid,
Painting withdrew, and sought th' *Italian* shade;
What time each science met its due regard,
And patrons took a pleasure to reward.
But ah, how soon must glorious times decay,
One transient joy, just known, and snatch'd away!
By the same foes, which *Painting* shunn'd before,
Ev'n here she bleeds, and arts expire once more.
Ease, lust, and pleasures shake a feeble state,
Gothic invasions, and domestic hate;
Time's slow decays, what these ev'n spare, consume,
And *Rome* lies bury'd in the depths of *Rome*!

Long slumber'd *Painting* in a stupid trance
Of heavy zeal, and *Monkish* ignorance:
(When faith it self for mere dispute was giv'n,
Subtile was wife, and wranglers went to heav'n.)

Till

'Till glorious * *Cimabue* restor'd her crown,

And dip'd the pencil, studious of renown.

Masaccio taught the finish'd piece to live,

And add'd ev'ry grace of *Perspective*.

Exact correctness *Titian's* hand bestow'd,

And *Vinci's* stroke with living labour glow'd.

Next *Julio* rose, who ev'ry language knew,

Liv'd o'er each age, and look'd all nature thro'.

In happy *Paulo* strength and art conspire,

The Graces please us, and the Muses fire.

Each nobler secret others boast alone,

By curious toil *Caracci* made his own :

* *Giovanni Cimabue*, born at *Florence* in the year 1240.

he was the first person who revived Painting after its unfortunate extirpation.

Raphael's nice judgment, Angelo's design,
Correggio's warmth, and Guido's pleasing line.
Thrice glorious times, when ev'ry science charms,
When rapture lifts us, and religion warms!
Vocal to heav'n the swelling organs blow,
A shriller consort aids the notes below;
Above, around the pictur'd saints appear,
And list'ning seraphs smile and bend to hear.

Thence Painting, by some happy Genius led,
O'er the cold North in slow approaches spread.
Ev'n Britain's isle that blush'd with hostile gore,
Receiv'd her laws, unknown to yield before;
Relenting now, her savage heroes stand,
And melt at ev'ry stroke from Reubens' hand.
Still in his right the graceful Jervas sways,
Sacred to beauty, and the fair one's praise,

Whose

Whose breathing paint another life supplies,
And calls new wonders forth from *Mordaunt's* eyes.
And *Thornhill* gen'rous as his art, design'd
At once to profit, and to please mankind.

Thy dome, O *Paul's*, which heav'nly views adorn,
Shall guide the hands of painters yet unborn ;
Each melting stroke shall foreign eyes engage,
And shine unrival'd thro' a future age.

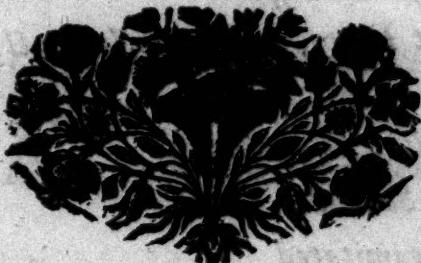
Hail happy artists ! in eternal lays
The kindred-muses shall record your praise ;
Whose heav'nly aid inspir'd you first to rise,
And fix'd your fame immortal in the skies ;
There sure to last, 'till nature's self expires,
Encreasing still, and crown'd with clearer fires :
High-rais'd above the blasts of public breath,
The voice of hatred, and the rage of death.

Ah, thus, for ever may my numbers shine,
Bold as your thoughts, but easy as your line !
Then might the muse to distant ages live,
Contract new beauty, and new praise receive :
Fresh strength, and light ev'n Time itself bestow,
Soften each line, and bid the thought to glow ;
(Fame's second life) whose lasting glory fears
Nor change, nor envy, nor devouring years.

Then should these strains to *Pembroke's* hands
be born —
Whom native graces, gentle arts adorn,
Honour unshaken, piety resign'd,
A love of learning, and a gen'rous mind.
Yet if by chance, enamour'd of his praise,
Some nobler bard shall rise in future days,

(When

(When from his *Wilton* walls the strokes decay,
And all art's fair creation dies away :
Or solid statues, faithless to their trust,
In silence sink, to mix with vulgar dust ;)
Ages to come shall *Pembroke*'s fame adore,
Dear to the Muse, 'till *Homer* be no more.





I N D E X.

A <i>Parallel between Painting and Poetry.</i>	Page 1
<i>Advice to a young Painter.</i>	4
<i>Character of a good Painter; instanced by Titian.</i>	5
<i>An universal notion of Beauty.</i>	6
<i>That we must not despair.</i>	7
<i>A luxuriant Fancy, or too much exactness often faulty.</i>	8
<i>Decency still to be preserved.</i>	9
<i>Repose and Solitude.</i>	10
<i>Nature to be imitated.</i>	11
<i>In a fault whether to be corrected or not.</i>	12
<i>The Je ne sçai quoi of Beauty.</i>	13
<i>Draperies.</i>	14, 15
<i>An Encomium on Painting.</i>	16
<i>The</i>	

<i>The Episode of Mimicima.</i>	Pag. 17
<i>Sculpture.</i>	20
<i>Innovations faulty. Sometimes to be admired.</i>	22
<i>Invention.</i>	23
<i>Union of Colours.</i>	ib.
<i>Immoderate Ornament.</i>	24
<i>The Landscape.</i>	25
<i>Design.</i>	26
<i>The principal Figure of a Picture.</i>	ib.
<i>Modesty in a Painter.</i>	27
<i>Harmony of Colours.</i>	28
<i>The Surprise.</i>	ib.
<i>Optics.</i>	ib.
<i>The obscura Camera describ'd; its use in Painting.</i>	29
<i>Disposition of objects.</i>	ib.
<i>Two equal Lights to be avoided in the same Picture.</i>	30
<i>Truth; to be observed.</i>	ib.
<i>Travelling, its use.</i>	ib.
<i>Another parallel between Poetry and Painting.</i>	31
<i>Their distinct excellencies considered.</i>	32
<i>Painting far more lasting and universal;</i>	33
	Tet

- Tet derived its light first from Poetry, & ~~shewing~~ Pag. 33
Its Rise and Progress through all Ages. 34
An Account of the most celebrated Painters, with
their several Characters. 33, 34, 35, 36, 37
Conclusion, with an Address to the Earl of
Pembroke. 39



Acontius



Acontius to Cydippe.

From OVID.

ARGUMENT.

In a religious assembly at the temple of Diana in Delos, Acontius was much enamour'd with Cydippe, a lady of remarkable wit and beauty. Besides this, her fortune and family were much above his own: which made him solicitous how to discover his Passion in a successful manner. At last he procured a very beautiful apple, upon which he wrote a dystick to this purpose, "I swear by chaste Diana I will far ever be thy Wife." So soon as he had written it, he threw the apple directly at the feet of Cydippe, who imagining nothing of the deceit, took it up, and having read the inscription, found her self obliged by a solemn oath to marry Acontius. For in those times all oaths which were made in the temple of Diana, were esteemed inviolable. Some time afterwards, her father who knew nothing

thing of what had happen'd, espous'd her to another lover. The marriage was just upon the point of celebration, when Cydippe was seized with a violent fever. Acontius writes to her, he reminds her of a former solemn obligation, and artfully insinuates that her distemper is inflicted as a just punishment from Diana.

O Nce more, *Cydippe*, all thy fears remove,
 'Tis now too late to dread a cheat in love.
 Those rosy lips in accents half divine,
 Breath'd the soft promise in the *Delian* shrine;
 Dear awful oath! enough *Cydippe* swore,
 No human ties can bind a virgin more.
 So may kind heav'n attend a lover's pray'r,
 Soften thy pains, and comfort my despair.
 See, the warm blush your modest cheeks enflame;
 Yet is there cause for anger or for shame!
 Recal to mind those tender lines of love,
 Deny you cannot — tho' your heart disprove.

Still

Still must I waste in impotent desires,
And only hope revive the fainting fires ?
Yet did'st thou promise to be ever mine ——
A conscious horrour seem'd to shake the shrine,
The pow'r consenting bow'd ; a beam of light
Flash'd from the skies, and made the temple bright.
Ah ! then *Cydippe*, dry thy precious tears :
The more my fraud, the more my love appears.
Love ever-watchful, ev'n by nature charms ;
Enflames the modest, and the wise disarms ;
Fair yet dissembling, pleasing but to cheat
With tender blandishment, and soft deceit,
Kind speaking motions, melancholy sighs,
Tears that delight, and eloquence of eyes.
Love first the treach'rous dear design inspir'd,
My hopes exalted, and my genius fir'd :
Ah ! sure I cannot —— must not guilty prove ;
Deceit it self is laudable in love !

Once

Once more inspir'd such tender lines I send,
See, my hand trembles lest my thoughts offend.
Heroes in war enflam'd by beauty's charms,
Tear the sad virgin from her parent's arms;
I too, like these, feel the fierce flames of love,
Yet check my rage, and modestly reprove.
Ah, teach me, heav'n, some language to persuade,
Some other vows to bind the faithless maid;
O Love all-eloquent, you only know
To touch the soul with elegies of woe!
If treach'ry fail, by force I urge my right,
Sheath'd in rough armour, formidably bright:
So Paris snatch'd his Spartan bride away,
A half denying, half consenting prey;
I too resolve———whate'er the dangers be,
For death is nothing when compar'd to thee.
Were you less fair, I then might guiltless prove,
And moderate the fury of my love;

But

But ah ! those charms for ever must inspire,
Each look, each motion sets my soul on fire !
Heav'ns ! with what pleasing extasies of pain
Trembling I gaze, and watch thy glance in vain.
How can I praise those golden curls that deck
Each glowing cheek, or wave around thy neck :
Thy swelling arms, and forehead rising fair,
Thy modest sweetnes, and attractive air ;
Adjoin to these a negligence of grace,
A winning accent, and enchanting face.
Dear matchless charms ! I cease to name the rest,
Nor wonder thou that love inflames my breast.

Since all alike to *Hymen's* altars bend,
Ah, bless at once the lover, and the friend !
Let envy rage, and int'rest disapprove,
Envy and int'rest must submit to love.

By

By pray'rs and vows *Hesione* was won
To share the joys of hostile *Telamon*.
Soft gen'rous pity touch'd the * captive dame,
Who warm'd *Achilles* with a lover's flame;
To bless the wretched, shows a soul divine——
Be ever angry——but be ever mine.
Yet can no pray'rs thy firm resentment move?
Wretch that I was so ill to fix my love!
See, at thy feet despairing, wild I roul,
Grief swells my heart, and anguish racks my soul,
There fix my doom; relentless to my sighs,
And listed hands, and supplicating eyes.
Then wilt thou say (for pity sure must move
A virgin's breast) “ how patient is his love ! ”
“ Ev'n my heart trembles, as his tears I see ;
“ The youth who serves so well, is worthy me,

* *Briseiā*

Still

Still must I then in sad distraction moan?
My cause unheeded, and my grief unknown.
Ah, no—*Acontius* cannot write in vain;
Sure ev'ry wretch has licence to complain!
But if you triumph in a lover's woe,
Remember still *Diana* is your foe:
Diana listen'd to the vows you made,
And trembled at the change her eyes survey'd.
Ah, think, repent, while yet the time is giv'n,
Fierce is the vengeance of neglected heav'n!
By *Dian*'s hand the *Phrygian* matron fell,
Sent with her race, an early shade to hell.
Chang'd to a stag, *Acteon* pour'd away,
In the same morn the chaser and the prey.
Althea rag'd with more than female hate,
And hurl'd into the flames the brand of fate.
Like these offensive, punish'd too like these,
Heav'n blasts thy joys, and heightens the disease.

Nor think *Cydippe*, (as my fears foresee)
A thought unworthy of thyself, or me !
Think not I frame this seeming truth, to prove
Thy stern disdain, a pious fraud in love ;
Rather than so, I yet abjure thy charms,
And yield thee scornful, to another's arms !
Alas, for this pale sickness haunts thy bed,
And shooting aches seem to tear thy head ;
A sudden vengeance waits thy guilty loves ;
Absent is *Hymen*, *Dian* disapproves.
Think then, repent — recal the parting breath
O'er thy lips hov'ring in the hour of death.
See, on thy cheeks the fading purple dies,
And shades of darkness settle on thy eyes.
But whence, ye pow'rs, or wherefore rose that pray' ?
Still must I mourn in absence, or despair ;
Forc'd, if she dies, the promise to resign —
Ev'n if she lives, I must not call her mine !

Like some pale ghost around thy house I rove,
Now burn in rage, and now relent with love;
A thousand needless messages I make,
A thousand mournful speeches give, and take.
O that my skill the sovereign virtues knew
Of ev'ry herb that drinks the early dew,
Then might I hear thy moans, thy sickness see,
Nor were it sure a crime to gaze on thee.
Perhaps ev'n now, (as fear foresees too well)
The wretch I curse, detest, avoid like hell,
Beside thee breathes a love-dejected sigh,
And marks the silent glances of thy eye.
Some faint excuse he raises, to detain
Thy swelling arm, and press the beating vein :
Now o'er thy neck his glowing fingers rove,
Too great a pleasure for so mean a love !

Villain beware! the sacred nymph resign,—
Avoid, detest her, dread whate'er is mine ;
Elsewhere a lover's preference I give,
But cease to rival here, or cease to live.
The vows you claim by right of human laws,
At best but serve to vindicate my cause.
To thee alone by duty is the kind ;
Can parents alienate a daughter's mind ?
First weigh the crime, the vengeance next explore,
The father *promis'd*, but the daughter *swore* :
That merely vain on human faith relies ;
But this obtests the sanction of the skies.

Here cease my woes—ah, whither am I born
A woman's triumph, and a rival's scorn ?
Vain are my vows, unheeded is my pray'r,
The scatt'ring winds have lost 'em all in air ;

Yet think *Cydippe*, e'er thy lover dies !

Banish that wretch for ever from thy eyes ;

Scorn, envy, censures are conferr'd on me,

And pain,—and death is all he brings to thee.

Gods ! may some vengeance crimes like these attone,

And snatch his life, to mediate for thy own !

Nor think to please avenging *Cynthia's* eyes

With streams of blood in holy sacrifice :

Heav'n claims the real, not the formal part,

A troubled spirit, and repenting heart.

For ease, and health the patient oft requires

The piercing steel, and burns alive in fires ;

Not so with you—ah, but confirm the vow !

One look, one promise can restore thee now ;

Again thy smiles eternal joys bestow,

And thy eyes sparkle, and thy blushes glow.

drink the blood that feeds thy faulter heart

Suppose from me for ever you remove,
 Once must you fall a sacrifice to love ;
 And then, ah, then will angry *Cynthia* close
 Thy wakeful eyes, or ease a matron's throes ?
 Yet wilt thou ever find a cause for shame ?
 No sure —— a mother cannot, must not blame.
 Tell her the vow, the place, the sacred day
 I gaz'd on thee, and gaz'd my heart away :
 Then will she surely say (if e'er she knew
 But half that tender love I feel for you)
 " Ah, think *Cydippe*, and his consort be ;
 " The youth who pleas'd *Diana*, pleases me !
 Yet if she asks (as women oft enquire)
 Tell her my life, my nation, and my fire :
 Not void of youthful vanities I came,
 Nor yet inglorious in the world of fame ;

From ancient race I drew my gen'rous blood,
Where *Cea's* isle o'erlooks the watry flood :
Add, that I study ev'ry art to please,
Blest in my genius, born to live at ease.
Wit, merit, learning cannot fail to move,
And all those dearer blessings lost in love !
Ah ! had you never sworn, 'twere hard to chuse
A love like mine — and will you now refuse ?

In midnight dreams when wakeful fancy keeps
Its dearest thoughts, and ev'n in slumber weeps,
Diana's self these mournful strains inspir'd,
And *Cupid* when I wak'd, my genius fir'd.
Methinks, ev'n now, his piercing arrows move
My tender breast, and spread the pains of love.
Like me beware, unhappy as thou art !

Direct at thee *Diana* aims her dart
To drink the blood that feeds thy faithless heart.

The loves thou never can'st enjoy, resign ;
 Nor rashly lose another life with thine.
 Then will we, eager as our joys, remove
 To Dian's shrine, the patroness of love !
 High o'er her head in triumph shall be plac'd
 The golden fruit, with this inscription grac'd ;
 " Ye hapless lovers, hence, for ever know
 " Acontius gain'd the nymph who caus'd his woe !
 Herc cease my hand—I tremble, lest each line
 Should wound a soul so griev'd, so touch'd as thine.
 No more my thoughts th' ungrateful toil pursue,
 Pleasure farewell, and thou, my dear, adieu !





Part of Pindar's first Pythian Ode paraphrased.

Χρυσία φόρμαιξ Ἀπολλων

ARGUMENT.

This ode is address'd to Hieron king of Sicily, as is also the first of the Olympics. Pindar takes occasion to begin with an encomium on Music, finely describing its effects upon the passions. We must suppose this art to be one of his hero's more distinguishable excellencies; as it appears from several passages in the ode above. From thence he expatiates in the praise of Poetry; and inveighs very severely upon those who either contemn, or have no taste for that divine science. Their misfortunes and punishments are instanc'd

by

by those of Typhoeus: whom the poets imagine to be imprisoned by Jupiter under mount Aetna. The digressions in this ode are the most inartificial and surprising of any in the whole author. We are once more in the hero's native country; every thing opens agreeably to the eye, and the poem proceeds after Pindar's usual manner.

STROPHE I.

GEntle lyre, begin the strain;
Wake the string to voice again.

Music rules the world above;

Music is the food of love,

Soft'ned by the pow'r of sound,

Human passions melt away:

Melancholy feels no wound,

Envy sleeps, and fears decay.

Entranc'd in pleasure Jove's dread eagle lies,

Nor grasps the bolt, nor darts his fiery eyes.

ANTI-

A N T I S T R O P H E I.

See, *Mars awak'd by loud alarms*

Rouls o'er the field his fanguine eyes,

His heart tumultuous beats to arms,

And terrors glare, and furies rise!

Hark the pleasing lutes complain,

In a softly-breathing strain;

Love, and slumber seal his eye

By the gentle charms opprest:

From his rage he steals a sigh,

Sinking on *Dione's breast*.

E P O D E I.

Verse, gentle verse from heav'n descending came,

Curst by the wicked, hateful to the vain:

Tyrants and slaves profane its sacred name,

Deaf to the tender lay, or vocal strain

In

In fires of hell *Typhæus* glows,
 Imprison'd by the wrath of *Jove* ;
 No ease his restless fury knows,
 Nor sounds of joy, nor pleasing love.
 Where, glitt'ring faintly on the eye,
Sicilian *Ætna* props the sky
 With mountains of eternal snow ;
 He darts his fiery eyes in vain,
 And heaves, and roars, and bites his chain
 In impotence of woe.

STROPHE II.

Angry flames like scarlet glowing,
 Fiery torrents ever flowing,
 Smoak along the with'ring plain
 E'er they rush into the main.
 When the sable veil of night
 Stretches o'er the shaded sky,

First Pythian Ode.

61

Fires of sulphur gleam with light,

Burning rocks disparted fly.

Sudden, by turns the flashing flames arise,

Pour down the winds, or tremble up the skies.

ANTISTROPHE II.

In fair *Sicilia's* rich domain,

Where flow'rs and fruits eternal blow,

Where plenty spreads her peaceful reign,

And seas surround, and fountains flow,

Bright religion lifts her eye,

Wand'ring thro' the kindred-sky.

Hail thou, everlasting *Jove*,

Parent of th' *Aonian* quire;

Touch my raptur'd soul with love,

Warm me with celestial fire!

EPODE

The pious mariner when first he sweeps
 The foaming billows, and exalts his sails,
 Propitiates ev'ry pow'r that rules the deeps,
 Led by new hopes, and born by gentle gales.

So e'er the muse disus'd to sing,
 Emblazons her fair Hero's praise:
 (What time she wakes the trembling string,
 Attempted to the vocal lays)
 Prostrate in humble guise she bends,
 While some celestial pow'r descends
 To guide her airy flights along;
 God of the silver bow, give ear;
 (Whom *Tenedos*, and *Chrysa* fear)
 Observant of the Song!

S T R O P H E III.

Gentle wishes, chaste desires,
Holy *Hymen's* purer fires :
Lives of innocence and pleasure,
Moral virtue's mystic treasure ;
Wisdom, eloquence, and love,
All are blessings from above.
Hence regret, distaste, dispraise,
Guilty nights, uneasy days :
Repining jealousies, calm friendly wrongs,
And fiercer envy, and the strife of tongues.

A N T I S T R O P H E III.

When virtue bleeds beneath the laws,
Or ardent nations rise in arms,
Thy mercies judge the doubtful cause,
Thy courage ev'ry breast alarms.

Kindling with heroic fire

Once again I sweep the lyre.

Fair as summer's evening skies,

Ends thy life serene, and glorious;

Happy hero, great and wise,

O'er thy foes, and self victorious.





THE
E P I S O D E
O F
Orpheus and Eurydice,
Translated from the Fourth Georgic of Virgil.

At chorus æqualis Dryadum—

HE sudden death the Mountain-Dryads
mourn'd,
And Rhodope's high brow the dirge return'd :
Bleak Orythya trembled at their woe,
And silver Hebrus murmur'd in his flow.

While to his mournful harp, unseen, alone,
Despairing *Orpheus* warbled out his moan.
With rosy dawn his plaintive lays begun,
His plaintive voice sung down the setting sun.

Now in the frantic bitterness of woe
Silent he treads the dreary realms below,
His loss in tender numbers to deplore,
And touch the souls who ne'er were touch'd before.
Mov'd with the pleasing harmony of song,
The shadowy spectres 'round the poet throng :
Num'rous as birds that o'er the forest play,
(When evening *Phæbus* rouls the light away :
Or when high *Jove* in wintry seasons pours
A sudden deluge from descending show'rs.)
The mother's ghost, the father's rev'rend shade,
The blooming hero, and th' unmarry'd maid :

The

The new-born heir who soon lamented dies,
And feeds the flames before his parent's eyes ;
All whom *Cocytus'* sable water bounds,
And *Styx* with thrice three wand'ring streams
surrounds.

See, the dread regions tremble and admire !
Ev'n *Pain* unmov'd stands heark'ning to the lyre.
Intent, *Ixion* stares, nor seems to feel
The rapid motions of the whirling wheel.
Th' unfolding snakes around the furies play,
As the pale sisters listen to the lay.

Nor was the poet's moving suit deny'd,
Again to realms above he bears his bride.
When (stern decree !) he turns his longing eyes . . .
'Tis done, she's lost, for ever ever flies —
Too small the fault, too lasting was the pain,
Could love but judge, or hell relent again !

Amaz'd he stands, and by the glimpse of day
Just sees th' unbody'd shadow flit away.
When thus she cry'd—ah, too unthoughtful spouse
Thus for one look to violate thy vows!
Fate bears me back, again to hell I fly,
Eternal darkness swims before my eye :
Again the melancholy plains I see,
Ravish'd from life, from pleasure, and from thee !
She said, and sinking into endless night,
Like exhalations vanish'd from the sight.
In vain he sprung to seize her, wept, or pray'd,
Swift glides away the visionary shade.

How wilt thou now, unhappy *Orpheus*, tell
Thy second loss, and melt the pow'rs of hell ?
Cold are those lips that blest thy soul before,
And her fair eyes must roul on thine no more.

Scv'n

Sev'n tedious moons despairing, wild he stood,
And told his woes to *Strymon's* freezing flood.
Beneath his feet eternal snows were spread,
And airy rocks hang nodding o'er his head,
The savage beasts in circles round him play,
And rapid streams stand list'ning to the lay.

So when the shepherd-swain with curious eyes
Marks the fair nest, and makes the young his prize :
Sad *Philomel*, in poplar shades alone,
In vain renews her lamentable moan.
From night to morn she chants her tender love,
And mournful music dies along the grove.

No thoughts of pleasure now his soul employ,
Averse to *Venus* and the nuptial joy :
Wild as the winds o'er *Thracia's* plains he roves,
O'er the bleak mountains, and the leafless groves.

When stung with rage the *Bacchanalian* train
Rush'd to the Bard, and stretch'd him on the plain;
(Nor sounds, nor pray'r their giddy fury move,
And he must cease to live, or learn to love)
See, from his shoulders in a moment flies
His bleeding head, and now, ah now he dies !
Yet as he dy'd, *Eurydice* he mourn'd,
Eurydice, the trembling banks return'd;
Eurydice, with hollow voice he cry'd,
Eurydice, ran murmur'ring down the tide.



and noble passions in his breast now.



Herding, where good genius in angel play vol 11 T.

To the Right Honourable

Lady HERTFORD,

Upon the

BIRTH

O F

Lord BEAUCHAMP.

ONCE more inspir'd, I touch the trembling
string;

What muse for HERTFORD will refuse to sing?

Thine are the favorite strains, and may they be

Sacred to praise, to beauty, and to Thee!

Sudden, methinks, in vision I survey
The glorious triumphs of th' expected day :
Fair lovely sights in opening scenes appear,
And airy music trembles on my ear ;
Surrounding eyes devour the beauteous boy,
And ev'ry bosom beats with sounds of joy.

Rise from thy slumbers, gentle infant, rise !
Lift thy fair head, unfold thy radiant eyes,
Whose lovely light must other courts adorn,
And wound the hearts of Beauties yet unborn.
Subdue the sex, that triumphs in its pride,
And humble those, who charm the world beside.

Descend ye gentle Nine ! descend, and spread
Laurels and bays around his infant-head.

Bid

Bid noble passions in his bosom roul,
And beams of fancy dawn upon his soul ;
In soften'd music bid his accents flow,
Piercing, and gentle as descending snow ;
Bid him be all that can his birth commend :
The daring patriot, and unshaken friend :
Admir'd, yet humble, modest, tho' severe,
Abroad obliging, and at home sincere ;
Good, just, and affable in each degree :
Such is the father, such the son shall be !

These humble strains, indulgent *Hertford*, spare ;
Forgive the Muse, O fairest of the fair !
First in thy shades (where silver *Kennet* glides,
Fair *Marlbro*'s turrets trembling in his tides :
Where peace and plenty hold their gentle reign,
And lavish nature decks the fruitful plain :

Where

Where the fam'd mountain lifts its walks on high,
As varying prospects open on the eye
To love's soft theme I tun'd the warbling lyre,
And borrow'd from thy eyes poetic fire.

September the
30th. 1725.

W. Harte.



THE



T H E
**Army of A D R A S T U S, and
 his Allies, marching from
 Argos to the Siege of Thebes.**

From the 4th *Thebaid* of **S T A T I U S.**

Jamq; suos circum

A Round the pomp in mourning weeds array'd,
 Weeps the pale father, and the trembling
 maid :

The screaming infants at the portals stand,
 And clasp, and stop the slow-proceeding band.

Each

Each parting face a settled horrour wears,
Each low-held shield receives a flood of tears.
Some with a kiss (sad sign of future harms)
Round the clos'd beaver glue their clasping arms,
Hang on the spear, detain 'em as they go
With lifted eyes, and eloquence of woe.
Those warlike chiefs, whom dread *Bellona* steel'd,
And arm'd with souls unknowing once to yield,
Now touch'd with sorrows, hide their tear-ful eyes,
And all the hero melts away and dies.

So the pale sailor launching from the shore,
Leaves the dear prospects that must charm no more:
Here shrieks of anguish pierce his pitying ears—
There strangely wild, a floating world appears—
Swift the fair vessel wings her watry flight,
And in a mist deceives the aking sight:

The native train in sad distraction weep,
Now beat their breasts, now tremble o'er the deep,
Curse ev'ry gale that wafts the fleet from land,
Breathe the last sigh, and wave the circling hand.

You now, fair ancient truth ! conduct along

Th' advent'rous bard, and animate his song :

Each godlike man in proper lights display,

And open all the war in dread array.

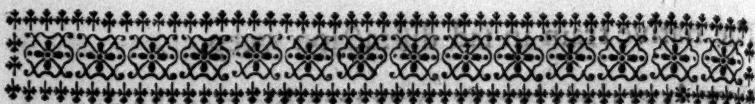
You too, bright mistress of th' *Aonian* quire,

Divine *Calliope* ! resume the lyre :

The lives and deaths of mighty chiefs recite,

The waste of nations, and the rage of fight.





A

SIMILIE,

UPON

A Set of TEA-DRINKERS.

SO *Fairy Elves* their morning-table spread
O'er a white mushroom's hospitable head:
In acorn cups the merry goblins quaff,
The pearly dews, they sing, they love, they laugh;
Melodious music trembles thro' the sky,
And airy sounds along the green-wood die.



A

The

The same:

Diversified in Auncient M E T R E.

S O, yf deepe clerkes in tymes of yore saine trew,
Or poete cyne, perdie, mought sothly vew,
The dapper *Elfins* theyr queint festes bedight
Wyth mickle plesaunce on a mushrome lite :
In acorne cuppes they quaffen daint liquere,
And rowle belgardes, and defflie daunce yfere ;
Ful everidele they makin musike sote,
And sowns aeriall adowne the grene woode flote.

A

ଶ୍ରୀମଦ୍ଭଗବତ ପ୍ରକାଶନ ପରିଚୟ ପରିଚୟ ପରିଚୟ
ଅଭିଭାବକ ଅଭିଭାବକ ଅଭିଭାବକ ଅଭିଭାବକ

A

SOLILOQUY,

OCCASION'D

*By the Chirping of a Grass-
hopper.*

Happy *Insect*! ever blest
With a more than mortal rest,
Rosy dews the leaves among,
Humble joys, and gentle song !
Wretched *Poet*! ever curst,
With a life of lives the worst,

Sad

Sad despondence, restless fears,

Endless jealousies and tears.

In the burning sunmer, thou
Warblest on the verdant bough,
Meditating chearful play,
Mindless of the piercing ray ;
Scorch'd in *Cupid's* fervors, I
Ever weep, and ever die.

Proud to gratify thy will,
Ready nature waits thee still :
Balmy wines to thee she pours,
Weeping thro' the dewy flow'rs :
Rich as those by *Hebè* giv'n
To the thirsty sons of heav'n.

Yet alas ! we both agree,
Miserable thou like me !
Each alike in youth rehearses
Gentle strains, and tender verses ;
Ever wand'ring far from home ;
Mindless of the days to come,
(Such as aged winter brings
Trembling on his icy wings)
Both alike at last we die ;
Thou art *starv'd*, and so am I !



THE



T H E
S T O R Y
O F
A R E T H U S A.

Translated from the 5th Book
of OVID's *Metamorph.*

Connexion to the former.

The Poet describes Ceres wandering over the World in great affliction, to search after her daughter Proserpina, who was then lost. At last Arethusa (a river of Sicily) informs the goddess that her daughter was stolen away by

Pluto, and carried down into hell. Now it was ordained by fate, that Proserpine should return again, if she tasted not of any fruit in the other world. But temptations were strong, and the woman could not resist eating six or seven kernels of a pomgranate. However, to mitigate the sentence, Jupiter decreed that she should reside but half the year with Pluto, and pass the rest with her mother. Upon these terms Ceres is very well pacified, and in complaisance desires Arethusa to relate her life, and for what reasons she was changed into a river.

HUsh'd in suspence the gath'ring waters stood,
When thus began the Parent of the flood :
What time emerging from the wave, she prest
Her verdant tresses dropping on her breast.

Of all the nymphs *Achaia* boasts, (she said)
Was *Arethusa* once the fairest maid.

None

None lov'd so well, to spread in ear'y dawn
The trembling meshes o'er the dewy lawn :
Tho' dress and beauty scarce deserv'd my care,
Yet ev'ry tongue confess'd me to be fair.
The charms which others strive for, I resign,
And think it ev'n a crime to find them mine !

It chanc'd one morn, returning from the
wood,
Weary I wander'd by a silver flood :
The gentle waters scarce were seen to glide,
And a calm silence still'd the sleeping tyde ;
High o'er the banks a grove of watry trees
Spread its dark shade, that trembled to the
breeze.

(My vest suspended on the boughs) I lave
My chilly feet, then plunge beneath the wave ;

A ruddy light my blushing limbs disspread,
And the clear stream half glows with rosy-red.
When from beneath in awful murmurs broke
A hollow voice, and thus portentous spoke :

“ My lovely nymph, my *Arethusa* stay,
“ *Alpheus* calls ; it said, or seem’d to say—

Naked and swift I flew, (my cloaths behind)
Fear strung my nerves, and shame enrag’d my
mind.
So wing’d with hunger the fierce eagle flies,
To drive the trembling turtles thro’ the skies :
So wing’d with fear the trembling turtles spring,
When the fierce eagle shoots upon the wing.

Swift

Swift-bounding from the God, I now survey

Where breezy *Pisopis* and *Cyllene* lay :

Elis' fair structures open'd on my eyes ;

And waving *Erymanthus* cools the skies.

At length unequal for the rapid chase

Tremble my limbs, the God maintains the race :

O'er hills and vales with furious haste I flew ;

O'er hills and vales the God behind me drew.

Now hov'ring o'er, his length'ning shadow bends,

(His length'ning shadow the low sun extends)

And sudden now, his sounding steps drew near ;

At least I seem'd his sounding steps to hear.

Now sinking, in short sobs I gasp'd for breath,

Just in the jaws of violence and death.

Ah, *Cynthia* help ! ('twas thus in thought I pray'd,

Ah, help a ravish'd, miserable maid !

The virgin-pow'r consenting to my pray'r,
Diffus'd around a veil of clouded air:
Lost in the gloom he wanders o'er the plain,
And *Arethusa* calls, but calls in vain ;
In misty steams th' impervious vapours rise,
Perplex his guesses, and deceive his eyes.

What fears I felt as thus inclos'd I stood,
What chilling horrors trembled thro' my blood ?
So pants the fawn in silence and despair,
When the grim wolf runs howling thro' the lair :
So sits the lev'ret, when the hound pursues
His trembling prey, and winds the tainted dews.

Sudden my check with flashing colour burns,
Pale swoons, and sickly fears succeed by turns :
Cold creeps my blood, its pulses beat no more :
Big drops of sweat ascend from ev'ry pore ;

A down

Adown my locks the pearly dews distill,
And each full eye pours forth a gushing rill ;
Now all at once my melting limbs decay,
In one clear stream dissolving fast away.

The *Goat* soon saw me floating o'er the plain,
And strait resum'd his watry form again—
Instant, *Diana* smote the trembling ground ;
Down rush my waters with a murm'ring sound ;
Thence darkling thro' th' infernal regions stray,
And in the *Delian* plains review the day.



AN-



ANGERIANUS

D E

C — ĀE — L — I — A,

(*E P I G. 40.*)

QUUM dormiret *Amor*, rapuit clam pulchra
pharetram

Cælia, surreptâ flevit *Amor* pharetrâ.

Noli (*Cypris* ait) sic flere *Cupido*; pharetram

Pulchra tibi rapuit *Cælia*, restituet.

Non opus est illi calamis, non ignibus : urit

Voce, manu, gressu, pectore, fronte, oculis.



CUPID



CUPID MISTAKEN.

FROM THE

Sports of CUPID,

Written by ANGERIANUS.

Imitated and Enlarged.

I.

A
S fast beside a murmur'ring stream,
In blissful visions Cupid lay,
Chloë, as she softly came,
Snatch'd his golden shafts away.

II.

II.

From place to place in sad surprize

The little angry godhead flew :

Trembling in his ruddy eyes

Hung the pearly drops of dew.

III.

So on the rose (in blooming *May*,

When purple *Phæbus* rises bright)

Liquid gems of silver lay,

Pierc'd with glitt'ring streams of light.

IV.

Fair *Venus* with a tender languish

Smiling, thus her son address'd,

As he murmur'd out his anguish

Trembling on her snowy breast :

V.

V.

Peace, gentle infant, I implore,
Nor lavish precious tears in vain ;
Chloë, when the jest is o'er,
Brings the useless shafts again.

VI.

Can *Chloë* need the shafts of love,
Young, blooming, witty, plump, and fair ?
Charms and raptures round her move,
Murm'ring sighs, and deep despair.

VII.

Millions for her unheeded die,
Millions to her their blessings owe ;
Ev'ry motion of her eye
Murders more than *Cupid's* bow.



TO A
Young LADY,
WITH
Mr. Fenton's Miscellany.

THESE various strains, where ev'ry talent
charms,

Where humour pleases, or where passion warms :
(Strains ! where the tender and sublime conspire,
A *Sappho*'s sweetness, and a *Homer*'s fire)
Attend their doom, and wait with glad surprize
Th' impartial justice of *Cleora*'s eyes.

'Tis hard to say, what mysteries of fate,
What turns of fortune on good writers wait.

The party-slave will wound 'em as he can,
And damns the merit, if he hates the man.
Nay, ev'n the Bards with wit and laurels crown'd,
Bless'd in each strain, in ev'ry art renown'd :
Misled by pride, and taught to sin by pow'r,
Still search around for those they may devour ;
Like savage monarchs on a guilty throne,
Who crush all might that can invade their own.

Others who hate, yet want the soul to dare,
So ruin bards—as beaus deceive the fair :
On the pleas'd ear their soft deceits employ ;
Smiling they wound, and praise but to destroy.
These are th' unhappy crimes of modern days,
And can the best of poets hope for praise ?

How small a part of human blessings share
The wise, the good, the noble, or the fair !

Short

Short is the date unhappy wit can boast,
A blaze of glory in a moment lost.
Fortune still envious of the great man's praise,
Curses the coxcomb with a length of days.
So (*Hector* dead) amid the female quire,
Unmanly *Paris* tun'd the silver lyre.

Attend ye *Britons*! in so just a cause
'Tis sure a scandal, to with-hold applause;
Nor let posterity reviling say,
Thus unregarded *FENTON* pass'd away!
Yet if the muse may faith or merit claim,
(A muse too just to bribe with venal fame)
Soon shalt thou shine * "in majesty avow'd;
" As thy own goddess breaking thro' a cloud."

* Epistle to *Southerne*.

Fame, like a nation-debt, tho' long delay'd,
With mighty int'rest must at last be paid.

Like *Vinci*'s strokes, thy verses we behold ;

Correctly graceful, and with labour bold.

At *Sappho*'s woes we breathe a tender sigh,

And the soft sorrow steals from ev'ry eye.

Here *Spenser*'s thoughts in solemn numbers roll,

Here lofty *Milton* seems to lift the soul.

There sprightly *Chaucer* charms our hours away

With stories queint, and gentle roundelay.

Muse ! at that name each thought of pride recall,

Ah, think how soon the wise and glorious fall !

What tho' the *Sisters* ev'ry grace impart,

To smooth thy verse, and captivate the heart :

What tho' your charms, my fair *Cleora* ! shine

Bright as your eyes, and as your sex divine :

Yet shall the verses, and the charms decay,
The boast of youth, the blessing of a day !
Not Chaucer's beauties could survive the rage
Of wasting envy, and devouring age :
One mingled heap of ruin now we see ;
Thus Chaucer is, and Fenton thus shall be !



To



To Mr. Pope.

To move the springs of nature as we please,
To think with spirit, but to write with ease :
With living words to warm the conscious heart,
Or please the soul with nicer charms of art,
For this the *Grecian* soar'd in *Epic* strains,
And softer *Maro* left the *Mantuan* plains :
Melodious *Spenser* felt the lover's fire,
And awful *Milton* strung his heav'nly lyre,

Tis yours, like these, with curious toil to trace
The pow'rs of language, harmony, and grace,
How nature's self with living lustre shines ;
How judgment strengthens, and how art refines ;

How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
 And force a pleasure which we dare not blame :
 To charm us more thro' negligence than pains,
 And give ev'n life and action to the strains :
 Led by some law, whose pow'rful impulse guides
 Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides :
 Some fairer image of perfection, giv'n
 T'inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from heav'n.

O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise ;
 Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays !
 Add that the *Sisters* ev'ry thought refine :
 Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line ;
 Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
 Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse.
 A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
 Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind :

Not critics, but their planets prove unjust :—
And are they blam'd who sin because they must ?—
Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays ;—
I cannot rival — and yet dare to praise,
A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage,
Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigour, Virgil's studious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.
So seems some Picture, where exact design,
And curious pains, and strength and sweetness join :—
Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
And each warm stroke with living colour glows :—
Soft without weakness, without labour fair ;—
Wrought up at once with happiness and care !

How blest the man that from the world removes
To joys that MORDAUNT, or his POPE approves ;

Whose taste exact each author can explore,
And live the present and past ages o'er :
Who free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
Move calmly forward to the verge of life :
Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
To live by reason, and to write by thee !

Nor deem this verse, tho' humble, thy disgrace ;
All are not born the glory of their race :
Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame,
The Muse who now this early homage pays,
First learn'd from thee to animate her lays ;
A Muse as yet unhonour'd, but unstain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd :
Unbyass'd or to censure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend ;
Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

THE

A
I
A
A
A

THE
SIXTH THEBAID
OF
STATIUS.

Translated into ENGLISH;

With NOTES.

*Curritur ad vocem jucundam, & carmen amicæ
Thebaidos, lœtam fecit cum Statius urbem,
Promisitque diem: tantâ dulcedine captos
Afficit ille animos—*

Juv. Sat. 7.

654

SIXTH THEBARD

THE SIXTH THEBARD

THE SIXTH THEBARD

THE SIXTH THEBARD

SIXTH THEBARD

TO

S U I T A T E

Translated into English

and with Notes

With Notes

And with Notes

17.3.2.2.1.

TO THE SIXTH THEBARD

TO THE SIXTH THEBARD

TO THE SIXTH THEBARD

TO THE SIXTH THEBARD



ARGUMENT

To the whole THEBAID.

OEdipus the son of Laius, king of Thebes, was in his infancy expos'd to wild beasts upon the mountains; but by some miraculous preservation he escap'd this danger, and afterwards, by mistake, slew his own father, as they contended for the way. He then married Jocasta, queen of Thebes, whom he knew not to be his mother, and had by her two sons, Etheocles and Polynices; who, after their father had put out his eyes, and banish'd himself from Thebes, agreed between themselves to govern year by year interchangeably. But this agreement was ill observ'd. Etheocles, when his date of government was expir'd, refus'd to resign it

it to Polynices: who, in his rage, fled to Adrastus, king of Argos, to implore assistance against his brother. Adrastus receiv'd the young prince with all imaginable tenderness, and gave him in marriage to his fair daughter Deipyle, as the oracles had appointed. He then, with the assistance of his allies, undertakes to settle Polynices on the throne, and to depose Etheocles. Upon this, Thebes is besieg'd, and after several encounters, the difference is at last decided by the duel and death of the two brothers. This is the main Action of the Poem.

Besides this, by way of an under-action, the Poet has interwoven another distinct story. The Goddess Venus is resolved to revenge her self upon the Lemnians, because they neglected all sacrifices to her. She first disgusts the men with their wives, and then in return spirits up the women into a resolution of murdering their husbands. This horrible design was executed by each of them, except Hypsipyle, who saved her father Thoas. Some time afterward this also was discover'd. Hypsipyle, to avoid the fury of the women fled to the sea-shore; where

where she was taken by the pyrates, and presented by them to king Lycurgus, who made her nurse to his son Archemorus. The dominions of this prince lay directly in the way from Argos to Thebes. As Adraustus and his allies were marching thither, the troops were ready to perish for want of water. They chanc'd in a wood to meet Hypsipyle, who pitying their misfortunes, lays down in haste her young child, and shews them a spring that could never be drained. She receives the thanks of Adraustus, and having at his request recited her own adventures, returns back, and finds the young infant Archemorus just kill'd by a serpent. Her confusion and fears are described in an excellent speech upon that occasion. The Grecians kill the serpent, and in honour of the dead prince perform all the rites of burial ; which is the subject of this present book.

First of all it begins with an historical account of the Nemeæan games, then follows the funeral, with a more particular description of hewing the forests, and offering their hair to the deceas'd. The anguish of Adraustus, the lamentations of Eurydice, and the silence of Hypsipyle, are extremely well adapted

adapted to nature. A monument is erected to the memory of Archemorus, which is ornamented with the whole story in sculpture. After this succeed the funeral games; the chariot-race, the foot-race, the Discus, the fight with the Cæstus, the wrestling, and shooting of arrows; which last ends with a prodigy, foreboding that none of the confederate princes should return from the war, except Adrastus.



THE



THE
Sixth THEBAID.

SOON mournful fame thro' ev'ry town pro-
claims
The rites of sepulture, and *Grecian* games :
What mighty chiefs should glory give or gain,
Prepar'd to combat on the listed plain.
These honours first the great *Alcides* paid 5
To please old *Pelops'* venerable shade :
What time near *Pisa* he inhum'd the dead,
And bound with olive-wreaths his dusty head.
These, with new hopes glad *Phocis* next bestow'd,
When *Python* sunk beneath her bowyer God. 10

These

These still religion to *Palæmon* pays,

(Religion blinded with a length of days)

When hanging o'er the deep in anguish raves

His † royal mother to the sounding waves ;

O'er either *Isthmus* floats the mingled moan,

And distant *Thebe* answers groan for groan.

The pious games begin, with loud alarms,

Here the young warriors first prelude in arms :

Each blooming youth *Aonia* sends to fame,

And each dear object to the *Tyrian* dame ;

Who once embru'd in blood, shall heap around

High hills of slain, and deluge all the ground.

The youthful sailors thus with early care

Their arms experience, and for sea prepare :

On some smooth lake their lighter oars essay,

And learn the dangers of the watry way ;

† Leucothœe.

But once grown bold, they launch before the wind

Eager and swift, nor turn their eyes behind.

15 *Aurora* now, fair daughter of the day,

Warm'd the clear orient with a blushing ray : 30

Swift from mankind the pow'r of *Slumbers* flew :

And the pale moon her glimm'ring beams withdrew.

0'er the long woods the matin dirges run,

And shrieks of sorrow wake the rising sun.

20 Th' unhappy father, father now no more, 35

His bosom beat, his aged hairs he tore :

Beside him lay each ornament of state,

To make him wretched, as they made him great.

With more than female grief the mother cries,

And wringing both her hands, obtests the skies ; 40

25 Bending she weeps upon th' extended slain,

Bathes ev'ry wound, returns, and weeps again.

But

But when the kings in sad and solemn woe,

Enter'd the dome, majestically slow :

(As if just then the trembling babe was found, 45

And life's last blood came issuing thro' the wound)

Breast took from breast the melancholy strain,

And pausing nature wept, and sob'd again.

Confus'd each Grecian hangs his guilty head,

And weeps a flood of tears to wail the dead. 50

Mean while *Adrastus* bears the friendly part,

And with kind words consoles the father's heart.

He marks th' eternal orders of the sky,

And proves that man was born to grieve and die;

Now tells him heav'n will future children send 55

To heir his kingdom, and his years defend.

In vain the charmer pleads, unbounded flow
The parent's tears, in violence of woe.
He hears no more than storms that thundring rise,
Regard the sailors vows, or piercing cries,
And the wild horrour of their stony eyes.

Apart, a croud of friends the bier bestrow
With cypress boughs : Then place the straw below.
The second rank with short-liv'd flow'rs they spread,
Which soon must fade, and wither like the dead. 65
Arabian odours from the third diffuse
A grateful smoke, and weep in fragrant dews.
Above from heaps of gold bright colours stream,
And deeper purple shoots a sanguine gleam.
Inwoven on the pall, young Linus lay
In lonely woods, to mangling dogs a prey.

Heart-wounded at the fight, in anguish stands
Eurydice, and spreads her trembling hands;
Then turns her eyes, half dying with a groan,
For kindred miseries so like her own. 75
Arms, scepters, jewels, on the dead they throw,
And sacrifice all grandeur to their woe.
As if the hero, deck'd with warlike spoil,
Was born in triumph to the fun'ral *Pyle*.
Yet as due rites with kind affection paid, 80
Can add some honours to the infant-shade;
Hence rose magnificence, and solemn tears,
With presents suited to maturer years.

Long time with early hopes *Lycurgus* fed

- A breed of coursers sacred to the dead. 85
- A glitt'ring helm was safely plac'd apart,
- And purple trappings of *Sidonian* art.

And consecrated spears, (a deadly store)
Radiant and keen, as yet unstain'd with gore.
The pious mother thus, deceiv'd too late
Like her fond spouse, reserv'd a crown of state,
And royal robes, o'erwrought with rising flow'rs
The silent growth of solitary hours.
These and the rest at once, the furious fire
Dooms in distraction to the greedy fire.

Mean while, assembled by the Seer's commands,
To raise the *Pyré*, croud thick the Grecian bands,
From *Nemee* these, and *Tempe*'s lofty crown,
Tumble whole heapsof crashing forests down :
Their airy brows the naked hills display,
And earth once more beholds the face of day.
Deep groan the groves : On ruffling pinions rise
Birds after birds ; the angry salvage flies.

Sacred thro' time, from age to age it stood,
A wide-spread, gloomy, venerable wood : 105
Older than man, and ev'ry sylvan maid,
Who haunts the grot, or skims along the glade.
Stretch'd o'er the ground the tow'ring oaks were seen,
The foodful beech, and cypress ever green:
The nuptial elm, and mountain-holm entire,
The pitchy tree that feeds the fun'ral fire : 110
The resin soft, and solitary yew,
For ever dropping with unwholesome dew ;
The poplar trembling o'er the silver flood,
The warrior ash that reeks in hostile blood,
Th' advent'rous farr that sails the vast profound, 115
And pine, fresh bleeding from th' odorous wound--
All at one time the nodding forests bend,
And with a crash together all descend.
Loud as when blust'ring *Boreas* issues forth,
To bring the sweeping whirlwind from the north: 120

Sudden and swift as kindling flames arise,
Float o'er the fields, and blaze unto the skies.
The sinking grove resounds with frequent groans,
Sylvanus starts, and hoary *Pales* moans.
Trembling and slow the guardian-nymphs retire, 125
Or clasp the tree, and perish in the fire.

So when some chief, (the city storm'd) commands
Revenge and plunder to his furious bands :
E'er yet he speaks the domes in ruin lay ;
They strike they level, seize and bear away. 130

Sacred to heav'n and hell, the mourners rear
Two massy altars, pointing in the air.
The pious rites begin, in mournful strains
The music of the *Phrygian* fife complains ;
Whose pow'rful sounds th' unwilling ghosts obey,
And pale, and shiv'ring mount the realms of day. 136

First *Pelops* taught these melancholy strains,
 When *Niobe's* fond offspring prest the plains ;
 Six blooming youths, and six fair virgins fell,
 Sent by fierce *Cynthia* to the shades of hell. 140

Incense and oil upon the *Pyle* they throw,
 And mighty monarchs mighty gifts bestow.
 High-rais'd in air the mournful bier is born,
 Dejected chiefs *Lycurgus'* train adorn ;
 The female sex around the mother croud, 145
 And weep and sob, and vent their griefs aloud :
 Behind *Hypsipyle's* soft sorrows flow
 Silent, and fast, in eloquence of woe.
 Each heaving bosom draws a deeper sigh,
 And the big passion bursts from ev'ry eye. 150
 Thus while the crystal tears unbounded ran,
 In piercing shrieks *Eurydice* began.

Ah ! dearest child ! amid these mournful dames
I never thought to give thee to the flames !
How could I dream of sorrows and of death, 135
In the first moments of thy infant breath ?
How could I dread these bloody wars to see ;
Or deem that *Thebes* should ever murder thee ?
What sudden vengeance wing'd with wrath divine
Pursues me still, and curses all my line ? 160
Yet *Cadmus'* sons in ease and plenty live,
Blest with each joy th' indulging pow'r can give,
No mourning dames in fable weeds appear,
To bathe the last cold ashes with a tear.

Wretch that I was, too fondly to believe 165
A faithless slave, a wand'ring fugitive !
Pious she told the melancholy tale
With fair invention, pow'rful to prevail ,

Is this that guardian of the *Lemnian state*,

Who snatch'd her father from the jaws of fate?

Ah no! herself the bloody furies join'd,

And vow'd like those, destruction to mankind!

Is this her care; to leave in woods alone

Her prince, nay more, an infant not her own?

Suppose thro' pity or neglect she stray'd,

(While my dear child lay trembling in the shade)

Unknowing of the monsters wild and vast,

Who haunt the gloomy groves, or dreary waste;

Each murmur'ring fount that quivers to the breeze,

Each dying gale that pants upon the trees,

Sudden by turns distract an infant's ears,

And death attends th' imaginary fears.

Hail thou dear infant! wretched, early ghost,

Murder'd by her who ought to love thee most.

Whose hands sustain'd thee, and whose music
charm'd,

185

Whose eye o'er saw thee, and whose bosom warm'd :
Who dry'd thy cheeks with streams of crystal drown'd,
And taught thy voice to frame the fault'ring sound.

Ungrateful wretch, may grief thy years consume,
And pains eternal bend thee to the tomb !

190

Tear her, ye warriors, tear her from my eyes,
Deaf to her vows, her penitence, or cries :
Deep in her bosom drive th' avenging dart,
To drink the blood that feeds her faithless heart.

In the same moment I'll resign my breath,
Satiate with fury, and content in death !

195

She spake, and starting saw the *Lemnian* maid,
As in the silence of her soul she pray'd :
Sudden her rage rekindles at the view,
And trickling down her cheeks descend the drops
of dew.

Bear,

Bear, oh ye chiefs, this female curse away,²⁰¹
Who adds a horror to the fun'ral day,
Who with a smile profanes the matron's moan,
And triumphs in misfortunes not her own,
She said, and sinking drew a fainter sigh,²⁰⁵
Rage stop'd her voice, and grief o'crwhelm'd her eye;
Thence slowly moving thro' the croud she went
By silent steps, in sullen discontent.

So when the holy priest with curious eyes,
Dooms some fair heifer to the sacrifice,²¹⁰
Or the gaunt lion bears her thro' the wood,
As down her side distils the life-warm blood;
The mother-beast dejected, and alone
Pours to the winds her lamentable moan,
With mournful looks she paces from the plain,²¹⁵
And often goes, and often turns again.

The father now unbares his rev'rend head; ^{iso M}
His silver locks he scatters o'er the dead; ^{211 wnu nT}
Then with a sigh, the venerable man ^{bloif boifl-right}
Thus to the parent of the gods began, ^{his fish on 220}

If Jove's almighty wisdom can deceive, ^{gult bnA}
Curst is the man who fondly will believe! ^{gaindial}
These sacred hairs, long from the razor free, ^{lob, baA}
I bore, a pious gift reserv'd for thee: ^{abuol vualsd nl}

What time Opheltes' youthful cheeks resign ²²⁵
Their tender down, an off'ring at thy shrine.
In vain——the sullen priest refus'd my pray'r,
And scatt'ring winds disperst it all in air.

Tear them my fingers, tear them from my head,
The last sad office to the worthy dead! ²³⁰

Mean

Mean while the kindling brand awakes the fire,^T
 Th' unwilling parents silently retire :^{230 P D V I A H}
 High-lifted shields, that intercept the light
 In one dark circle, hide the mournful fight.^{D J W M D T}
 The flying em'ralds crackle in the blaze,²³⁵
 And fiery rubies stream with sanguine rays.^{J U U H}
 In shining rills the trembling silver flows,^{C H A I F D}
 And clearer gold with flaming lustre glows.^{M A S D T}
 In balmy clouds *Arabia's* odours rise,^{A D Q I S J H D}
 To waft their grateful fragrance to the skies.²⁴⁰
 Rich urns of milk, tott'ring, their streams incline,
 Mingling with blood, and ting'd with sable wine.^{A D Q I S J H D}
 Sey'n mournful cohorts (as their chieftains lead)
 With arms reverst pace slowly round the dead ;
 Now moving to the left, enclose the *Pyre*,²⁴⁵
 And scatter heaps of dust to sink the fire ;
F C M

Thrice

Thrice join their spears, thrice clash their sounding
shields ;
Four times the females shriek, and clamour fills the
fields.
Remote from these, another fire they feed
With firstling victims of the woolly breed. 250
Intent in thought the pious Augur stands,
Approves the rites, inspires the fainting bands :
Calmly dissembling in his anxious mind
Each sad presage of miseries behind.
Returning from the right with loud alarms, 255
Again the warriors beat their clattering arms :
Shields, lances, helms, the sinking flames o'erspread,
A friend's last pledges to the warlike dead.
Full on the winds the swelling music floats,
And Nemee's shades pour back the length'ning notes.

So when the trumpeter with lab'ring breath 261
 Shakes the wide fields, and sounds the charge of death:
 The blood fermenting feels a gentle heat,
 Quick roul the eyes, and fast the pulses beat:
 E'er yet their rage the martial god controuls, 265
 Nor swells their nerves, nor rushes on their souls.

Now careful night in sober weeds array'd,
 O'er the clear skies extends her dusky shade.
 They bend the copious goblet o'er the Pyre,
 And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire. 270

Nine times his course bright *Lucifer* had roll'd,
 And ev'nning *Vesper* deck'd his rays with gold:
 Now o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
 And raise a monument to grace the dead.

Here in *reliefe* the *Lemnian* virgin stands, 275
Who points the grateful spring to *Grecia's* bands :
There young *Opheltes* breathes his dying moan,
And seems to shiver, and turn pale in stone ;
In waving spires the *Serpent* floats along,
And rouls his eyes in death, and darts his fork'y
tongue. 280

By this, the pleas'd spectators in a row,
Throng the green *Circus*, and enjoy the show.
Deep in the bosom of a vale it stood,
Sacred to sports, and overhung with wood :
A darker green its grassy surface crowns, 285
And smoothly swims the car along the downs.
Long e'er the dawn of morn the mingling throng
Spreads o'er the plain, and man bears man along :
(Not half such numbers croud the sacred space,
Where yearly honours dead *Palemon* grace;) 290

Con-

Confus'd delight ! the fair, the gay, the sage,
And boastful youth, and deep-discriminating age.

Twice fifty steers along the plains they drew,
As many mother-cows of sable hue ;
As many heifers raise their youthful horns,
Whose front as yet, no blaze of white adorns.

High o'er the people, wrought with lively grace,
Shine the fair glories of their ancient grace :

Each speaking figure seems to touch the soul,
And life and motion animate the whole.

Here lab'ring *Hercules* with anguish prest
The roaring lion to his manly breast.

Inspir'd with art th' historic figures rise,
And ev'n in sculpture live, and meet the eyes.

Here rev'rend *Inachus* extends his side
O'er the green margin of his silver tyde :

Transform'd, behind him fearful *Iō* stood,
And cropt the grass besides her father's flood ;
She mixes with the herd her mournful cries,
And often turns, and watches *Argus'* eyes.

Her, from the *Pharian* coast indulging *Jove* 310
Transferr'd immortal, to the realms above :
Still in her fanes the sable *Memphian* bows,
And eastern *Magi* pay their early vows.

Here *Tantalus* amid the pow'rs divine
Lifts the deep goblet crown'd with sparkling wine :
Nor stands (as Poets sing) in streams below, 316
Still curst with life, yet fated still to woe,
The wretch for ever pines, the streams for ever flow.

There *Pelops* lashes on with loos'ned reins
Neptune's fleet coursers o'er the smoking plains :
Behind his rival o'er the rapid steed 321
Hangs imminent——and drives with equal speed.

Acrysius here in thoughtful posture stands :

There brave *Choræbus* lifts his bleeding hands.

Here am'rous *Jove* descending as of old, 325

Impregnates *Danae* with a show'r of gold.

Her blushes *Amymone* strives to hide,

Comprest by *Neptune* in the silver tide.

Alcmena there young *Hercules* admires,

As her head blazes with three lambent fires. 330

Here *Belus'* sons at *Hymen's* altars stand,

And join with hearts averse the friendly hand :

A faithless smile of ill-dissembled grace

Seem'd most to flatter in *Egyftus'* face :

As the calm villain with severe delight 335

Acts in his mind the murders of the night.

Now ev'ry bosom beats with hopes, or fear,

The clamours thicken, and the croud draws near.

Inspire

Inspire the muse, to sing each hero's deeds,
O Pow'r of verse! and name, and gen'rous steeds. 340

Before, afar, *Arion* beats the plain ;
Loose to the breeze high-danc'd his floating mane :
Immortal steed ! whom first th' earth-shaker's hand
Tam'd to the lash, and drove along the strand :
Tho' restless as the wintry surges roul, 345
And furious still, and unsubdu'd of soul.
Mix'd with his watry steeds the god he bore
To *Lybian Syrtes*, or th' *Ionian* shore :
Swift flew the rapid car, and left behind
The noise of tempests, and the wings of wind. 350
To glory next great *Hercules* he drew,
O'er hills, and vales, and craggy rocks he flew :
Then to *Adraustus'* government was giv'n
Th' immortal courser, and the gift of heav'n.

The royal hand by due degrees reclaim'd, 355
 And length of years his stubborn spirit tam'd :
 Him now with many a wish, and many a pray'r,
Adraustus lends to *Polynices'* care ;
 Shows him to urge his fiery soul along
 With tim'rous hand, and gentleness of tongue : 360
 The reins to guide, the circling lash to wield,
 And drive victorious o'er the dusty field.

So sad *Apollo* with a boding sigh
 Told his fond child the dangers of the sky :
 Careful the parent, such advice to give ! 365
 Could fate be chang'd, or headstrong youth believe !

Th' *OEBalian* Priest moves second o'er the plain,
 Who boasts his coursers of immortal strain :
 Sprung from fair *Cyllarus* in days of yore :
 (The guilty product of a stol'n amour) 370
 When

When *Castor* griev'd in bitterness of soul,
Where seas scarce flow beneath the *Scythian* pole.
White were the steeds that drew him o'er the field,
White was his helm, his ribbands, and his shield.

Next, bold *Admetus* whirling from above 375
The sounding scourge, his female coursers drove :
Nor strokes, nor blandishment their rage controuls,
They bound, and swell with more than female souls,
Sprung from the cloud-born *Centaurs*, such their
force,

Their lustful heat, and fury in the course. 380

Then fair *Hippipile's* bold offspring came,
Two lovely twins, alike intent on fame,
Their steeds, their chariots, and their arms the same. }
(This *Thoas* call'd, the name his grandsire bore ;
And *Euneos* that, to sail from shore to shore) 385

Each wish'd the glorious victory his own,
If not——his brother to be blest alone.

Last *Chromis* and *Hippodamus* succeed,
Each checks the reins, and each inspires his steed :
Alike with martial eminence they shone, 390
O Enomäus' this, and that *Alcides'* son ;
One drove the coursers e'rst at *Pisa* bred,
And one the savage steeds of *Diomed*.

Whence first they start, a stony fragment stands,
Of old, a limit to contiguous lands. 395
An aged oak, of leaves and branches bare,
Presents a goal to guide the circling car.
Their distance such, as the wing'd arrow flies
Thrice from the bow sent hissing thro' the skies.

Mean while, high-thron'd amid th' *Aonian* quire
Divine *Apollo* strikes the silver lyre ; 401
He sung the wars on *Phlegra*'s fatal plain,
And *Python*, o'er *Castalia*'s fountain slain.
He sung what order rules the worlds on high,
Who bids the thunder roar, and lightning fly : 405
Who feeds the stars, or gave the winds to blow :
What springs eternal swell the seas below ;
Who spread the clouds, who rouls the lamp of light
O'er heav'ns blue arch, or wraps the world in night.

Here ceas'd th' harmonious God, his lyre he laid
With decent care beneath a laureat shade ; 411
Then in rich robes his beauteous limbs he drest :
A starry zone hung blazing o'er his breast.
Sudden a shout confus'dly strikes his ears—
He bends his awful eyes, the croud appears.

Each chief he knows, and honours each, but most
 The * priest, and † ruler of *Theffalia's* host. 416

What pow'r, (he cries) has fir'd with thirst of fame
 These two adorers of *Apollo's* name? 417

Equally dear and good, alike renown'd
 For piety, alike with favours crown'd. 420

When once a swain the lowing herds I drove,
 (Such was the doom of fate, and wrath of *Jove*) 421

Still did *Admetus'* pious altars blaze,
 And ev'ry temple rung with hymns of praise ; 422

While at my shrine *Amphiaraüs* stands, 425

And lifts his eyes, and spreads his trembling hands ;
 O dearest, best of men ; alas no more — 426

Black fate impends, and all thy joys are o'er. 427

Soon must the *Theban* earth in sunder rend
 Her opening jaws, and thou to hell descend ! 430

* *Amphiargus*, and † *Admetus*.

Admetus' life to distant times shall last,
And ev'ry year add glories to the past :
Unknowing of repentance, cares, and strife,
These hands shall guide him to the verge of life.

Each bird of omen told the fatal day — 435

He said, and weeping turn'd his eyes away :

Then sudden from *Olympus'* airy height,

To *Nemee's* shade precipitates his flight ;

Swift, as a sudden flash of light'ning flies,

Bending he shoots adown the shining skies : 440

Ev'n while on earth the God pursues his way,

Behind, aloft the streams of glory play,

Dance on the winds, or in a blaze decay.



Now in his helm impartial *Prothöus* throws
The flying lots, and as the lots dispose, 445
Around him rang'd in beauteous order came
Each ardent youth, a candidate for fame.

Here

Here wild mistrust, and jealousies appear,
And pale surprise, and self-suspecting fear :
Restless impatience, cold in ev'ry part, 450
And a sad dread that seems to sink the heart.

There shouts of triumph rend the vaulted sky,
And fame and conquest brighten ev'ry eye.
“ Th’ impatient coursers pant in ev’ry vein,
“ And pawing seem to beat the distant plain : 455
The burning foam descends, the bridles ring,
And from the barrier-bounds in thought they spring ;
“ The vales, the floods appear already crost,
“ And e’er they start, a thousand steps are lost.
T’ exalt their pride, a croud of servants deck 460
Their curling manes, and stroke the shining neck.

Instant, (the signal giv’n) the rival throng
Starts sudden with a bound—and shoots along.

Swift

Swift as a vessel o'er the waters flies,
Swift as an arrow hisses thro' the skies : 465
Swift as a flame devours the crackling wood,
Swift as the headlong torrents of a flood.

Now in one cloud they vanish from the eye,
Nor see, nor know their rivals as they fly :
They turn the goal : again with rapid pace 470
The wheels roul round, and blot their former trace ;
Now on their knees they steer a bending course,
Now hang impatient o'er the flying horse.
From groaning earth the mingling clamours rise,
Confusion fills their ears, and darkness blinds their
eyes. 475

Instinct with prescience, or o'eraw'd by fear,
Arion feels an unknown charioteer

Poiz'd

Poiz'd on the reins ; to sudden thought restor'd,
 He dreads the fury of his absent lord :
 Enrag'd now runs at random, and disdains
 To bear a stranger : wonder fills the plains.
 All think the steed too eager for the prize ; }
 The steed breathes vengeance, from the driver flies,
 And seeks his master round with wishful eyes.

The next, tho' mighty far the next, succeeds 485
Amphiaraus with his snow-white steeds :
 Close by his side *Admetus* whirls along,
Euneos and *Thoas* join the flying throng :
 Next *Chromis* and *Hippodamus* appear,
 Who wage a dreadful conflict in the rear : 490
 Skill'd of themselves, in vain they urge the chase,
 (Their steeds too heavy for so swift a race)
Hippodamus flew first, and full behind
 Impatient *Chromis* blows the sultry wind.

Admetus now directs the side-long horse 495

To turn the goal, and intercept the course :

His equal art the priest of *Phœbus* tries,

The goal he brushes, as his chariot flies ;

While mad *Arion* wanders o'er the plain,

Nor minds the race, nor hears the curbing rein. 500

Unable to controul, the trembling chief

Sits sadly silent, and indulges grief :

Pleas'd with his liberty the sea-born horse

Springs with a bound, and thunders o'er the course :

Loud shouts the multitude ; in wild debate

505

Of fears and terrors *Polynices* fate,

Flings up the reins, and waits th' event of fate.

So spent with toils, and gasping after breath,

Pants the pale sailor in the arms of death ;

In sad despair gives ev'ry labour o'er,

510

And marks the skies and faithless winds no more.

Now

Now horse with horse, to chariot chariot clos'd,
 Wheels clash'd with wheels, and chief to chief op-
 pos'd.

War, war it seem'd ! and death ten thousand ways--

So dreadful, is the sacred lust of praise ! 515

Each chief by turns his panting coursers fires,

With praise now pleases, now with rage inspires.

By fair address *Admetus* sooths along

Iris the swift, and *Pholoe* the strong.

Amphiaraus hastens with a blow

Fierce *Aschetos* to rush before the foe,

And *Cycnus* whiter than the new-fal'n snow.

With vows and pray'rs *Hippodamus* excites

Slow-moving *Calydon*, renown'd in fights :

Strimon encourag'd by bold *Chromis* flies,

And swift *Echion* starts at *Euneos'* cries :

And fair *Podarcè* fleck'd with purple stains,

By *Thoas* summon'd, beats the sounding plains.

In silence *Polynices* drives alone,
Sighs to himself, and trembles to be known. 530

Three times the smoking car with rapid pace
Had turn'd the goal, the fourth concludes the race.
Fast and more fast the panting coursers blow,
And streams of sweat from ev'ry member flow.

Now fortune first the crown of conquest brings,
(Suspending in mid air her trembling wings) 536
In act to hurl *Admetus* to the plain,
Revengeful *Thoas* gives up all the rein ;
Hippodamus survey'd the fraud from far :
Full in its course he met the driving car, 540
Loud clash'd the wheels ; *Hippodamus* withdrew,
To turn the chariot, ardent *Chromis* flew
Instant before, in angry fight oppos'd,
Chief strove with chief, to chariot chariot clos'd.

In

In vain th' impatient coursers urge along,

Lock'd in th' embrace, indissolubly strong.

545

So when the summer winds in silence sleep,

And drowsy *Neptune* stills the watry deep :

O'er the clear verdant wave extended lies

Th' unmoving vessel, till the gales arise.

550

Again the warriors strive, the fields resound :

Hippodamus, all sudden with a bound

Shock'd—from his chariot tumbled to the ground.

The *Thracian* coursers, (but their chief withstood)

Spring to devour his limbs, and drink his blood : 555

Instant the gen'rous victor turn'd away,

And gain'd more glory tho' he lost the day.

Mean while the god, who gilds th' ethereal space

Descends, himself a partner of the race:

(Just

(Just where the steeds their stretching shade extend,
And the long labours of the *Circus* end) 561

A *Gorgon's* head aloft in air he bore,
Horrid with snakes, and stain'd with human gore :
One ghastly look were able to dismay
The steeds of *Mars*, or those that lead the day ; 565
Ev'n hell's grim guardian might surcease to roar ;
And *Furies* fear, unknown to fear before.

Sudden *Arion* ey'd the fight from far,
And loudly snorting stop'd the driving car :
Cold darts of ice shot thrilling thro' his blood, 570
His fearful flesh all trembled as he stood :
Abruptly shock'd, and mindless of the rein,
Th' *Aonian* hero tumbled to the plain ;
Again recover'd, fleeter than the wind
Arion flies, and leaves his chief behind. 575

Beside the prostrate chief, the rival *throng*
Obliquely bending, swiftly rush'd along.
Slow from the dust he rose, and sadly went
Thro' the long croud in sullen discontent.
O happy hour ! had fate but deign'd to close 580
Thy eyes in death ; the period of our woes !
Thee *Thebes* should honour, and her tyrant shed
Some tears in publick to bewail the dead.
Larissa's groves should fall, to raise thy *Pyre* :
And *Nemee's* woods augment the fun'r'al fire. 585
All *Greece* a nobler monument should raise
Than this, now sacred to *Opheltes'* praise.

Furious the Prophet drove with rapid pace,
Sure of the prize, yet second in the race :
Before, afar the sea-born courser drew 590
His empty chariot rat'ling as he flew.

Yet still the Prophet thunders o'er the plain,
Eager of praise, amaz'd, enrag'd, —— in vain;
The Pow'r of wisdom more than mortal strong,
Swells ev'ry nerve to lash the steeds along : 595
Instinct with rage divine his steeds renew
The rapid labour bath'd in streams of dew.
The glowing axle kindles as they fly,
And drifts of rising dust involve the sky.
Earth opening seems to groan, (a fatal sign!) 600
Still they rush on, advancing in a line:
Now with redoubled swiftness *Cycnus* flies,
But partial *Neptune* the whole palm denies :
Arion won the race, the prophet bore the prize.

A massy bowl (the pledge design'd to grace
The gen'rous chief victorious in the race) 606
Two youths present him : antique was the mold,
Blazing with gems, and rough with rising gold:

In this, *Alcides* each revolving night
Was wont to drown the labours of the fight : 610
Grav'd on the sides was seen the dreadful fray
When brutal *Centaurs* snatch'd the bride away.
With living terrors stare the chiefs around,
These aim the dart, and those receive the wound :
Each in distorted postures heaves for breath, 615
And seems to threaten in the pangs of death.

A costly vesture was reserv'd to grace
Admetus, next in merit as in place ;
Embroider'd figures o'er the texture shine,
And *Tyrian* purple heightens the design. 620
Here pale and trembling with the wintry air,
Leander stands, an image of despair.
Now bending from the beach, he seems to glide
With eyes up-lifted thro' the rolling tyde ;

Aloft,

Aloft, alone the melancholy dame 625

Eyes the rough waters, and extends the flame.

Half-weeping *Polynices* takes his prize,

A beauteous handmaid with celestial eycs.

August rewards are destin'd next to grace

The spritely youth contending in the race. 630

A blameless sport ! and sacred sure the praise

To grace a festival in peaceful days :

Nor yet unuseful in th' embattel'd plain

When death is certain, and resistance vain.

First chearful *Idas* in the lists appears, 635

Idas, a lovely boy in blooming years

(*Idas* who late his honour'd temples bound

With palms that flourish'd on th' Olympian ground)

Loud shouts each chief that from high *Elis* leads

His native train, and *Pisa*'s watry meads : 640

Then *Phædimus* proclaim'd in *Isthmian games*,
And *Alcon* first of *Sicyonian names*;
Next aged *Dymas* rose, whose youthful speed
Surpass'd the swiftness of the flying steed:
And last in infamous disorder came
A clam'rous multitude unknown to fame,

645

But ev'ry voice chears *Atalanta's* son,
And ev'ry eye devours him e'er they run.
Lives there a warrior in the world of fame,
Who never heard of *Atalanta's* name?
Like *Cynthia's* self she seem'd, a sylvan Grace:
Matchless alike in beauty or the race.
The mother's glories all their thoughts employ,
And raise expectance from the lovely boy.
He too in speed out-strips the wings of wind,
As thro' the lawns he drives the panting hind;

655

¶ X

¶ Or

Or when he catches sudden with a bound
The flying jay'lin e'er it touch the ground.
The modest youth unbinds with decent care
His damask vesture dancing to the air : 660
Then by degrees unveils to publick view
His snowy limbs like marble, vcin'd with blue.
His rosy checks that glow'd with warmth before,
His tresses wav'd in ringlets please no more ;
A thousand charms appear ! in stupid gaze 665
The croud devours him, silent with amaze.
Conscious he stands, his head declining down,
And blushes oft ; and chides them with a frown :
Decent confusion ! mindful of the toil
He bathes his shining limbs in streams of oil ; 670
Alike the chiefs — Intent, th' encircling host
Admires 'em all, *Parthenopæus* most.

So when the night in solemn silence reigns,
And one clear blue o'er spreads th' ethereal plains :
The glitt'ring stars with living splendors glow, 675
And dance, and tremble on the seas below ;
High o'er them all exalted *Hesper* rolls,
It self a sun, and gilds the distant poles.

The next in beauty, as in speed appears
Fair *Idas* in the strength of youthful years : 680
A party-colour'd down but just began
To shade his chin, the promise of a man.
A signal sounds. The ready racers start,
Double their speed, and summon all their art.
Low at each step their straining knees they bend, 685
Then springing with a bound, again ascend,
Swifter than thought ; nor seem to run, but fly,
Stretch'd on the winds, half-vanish'd from the eye.

Now

Now side by side, or breast to breast they clos'd,
While each alike by turns outstrips his foes. 690
Scarce half so swiftly o'er the *Nemean* plains
Just now, the courser pour'd with loos'ned reins.
Each like an arrow from the *Parthian* yew
Sent with full force, along the *Circus* flew.

So when a tim'rous herd of list'ning deer 695
The roaring lion hears, or seems to hear:
(What time the lordly savage haunts the wood,
And longs to bathe his thirsty jaws in blood)
Close and more close they join, a trembling train,
And wildly stare, and scour along the plain. 700

Yet furious still, *Parthenopæus* flies ;
Him step by step impatient *Idas* plies,
And pants aloud, with vengeance in his eyes ;

Now

Now hanging o'er, his hov'ring shade is seen, 705
 That lengthens still, and floats along the green:
 And sudden now, by unperceiv'd degrees
 Full on his neck he blows the sultry breeze.
 Next *Phædimus* and aged *Dymas* past
 Along the *Circus*, *Alcon* came the last. 710

As the fair offspring of the sylvan *Grace*
 With matchless swiftness speeds along the race;
 His golden tresses wav'd in curls, behind
 Flow loosely down, and dance upon the wind:
 (These from a child with pious hopes he bore 715
 Sacred to her who treads the * *Delian* shore;
 What time from *Thebe*'s distant plains he came
 Renown'd for conquests of immortal fame:
 Too fondly pious! in a *Theban* urn
 Soon must thou sleep, ah, never to return!) 720

* Diana.

These

These vengeful *Idas* saw with ardent eyes :

Resolv'd by force or fraud t'obtain the prize ;

Sudden he stretch'd his impious arm, and drew

Supine on earth the stripling, as he flew :

Then starting reach'd the goal, and claim'd the prize.

Arms ! arms ! aloud th' *Arcadian* nation cries : 726

Vengeance at once they vow, or else prepare

To leave the *Circus* and renounce the war.

Tumultuous murmurs echo thro' the crowd,

Those praise the fraud, and these detest aloud. 730

Slow-rising from the plains the youth appears,

His eyes half angry, and half drown'd with tears,

He bends his head, the tears in silence flow ;

A mournful image, beautiful in woe !

Now beats his bosom, frantic with despair :

And rends the ringlets of his golden hair. 736

A busy murmur deafens ev'ry ear,
 Nor yet the croud the royal judgment hear.
 At last *Adraustus* rose with awful grace,
 And thus bespoke the rivals in the race. 740

Ceasg gen'rous youths! once more your fortunes
 try,
 In sep'reate paths each starting from the eye.

So spake the king: and sudden from the view,
 In sep'reate paths the ready racers flew.
 But first th' *Arcadian* youth with lifted eyes 745
 Thus sent his soul in whispers to the skies.

Queen of the silver bow, and wood-land glades;
 The heav'ns fair light, and empress of the *Shades*:

Sacred to thee alone, with decent care

I nurs'd these curls of long-descending hair ; 750

At thy desires I fell, yet hear my pray'r!

If e'er my mother pleas'd thee in the chase,

If e'er I pleas'd thee——banish my disgrace ;

Nor let these omens prophesy my fall

(As sure they must) beneath the *Theban* wall! 755

So pray'd the youth. The goddess heard his
pray'r,

Rapid he shot along, half poiz'd in air :

Fast and more fast the flying fields withdrew ;

Scarce rose the dust beneath him as he flew.

Shouting, he reach'd the goal, with transport fir'd 760

Soon sought *Adraustus*, and his right requir'd.

Panting and pale he seiz'd the palm. At hand

To close the game the ready prizes stand.

Th' *Arcadian* youth a brass-hoof'd courser gain'd :
 A buckler fraudful *Idas* next obtain'd, 765
 But *Lycian* quivers for the rest remain'd.

Adraustus next demands what chiefs prepare
 To whirl the massy *Discus* thro' the air.
 A herald bending with the burthen, threw
 Th' enormous circle down in public view. 770
 Starts ev'ry *Grecian* speechless with surprize ;
 Much wond'ring at the weight and shapeless size.
 First two *Achaeans* round the labour came
 With ardent *Phlegyas*, candidates for fame :
 An *Acarnanian* next accepts the toil, 775
 And three brave chieftains from *Ephyre's* soil,
 With numbers more — but eager of renown,
 Sudden *Hippomedon* flings thund'ring down
 A disk of double weight ; amaz'd they stand,
 The vast orb rings, and shakes the trembling land. 780

Warriors

Warriors (he cries) in fighting fields renown'd,
Whose arms must strike *Thebe's* bulwarks to the
ground :
On tasks like these your mighty prowess try, —
Boastful he spoke, and whirl'd it up the sky.

Amaz'd each chief the wond'rous cast admires,
And conscious of th' event betimes retires. 786

Pisæan Phlegyas only keeps the field,
With great *Meneſtheus*, yet untaught to yield :
Brave warriors each, too noble to disgrace
By one mean act the glories of their race. 790
The rest inglorious leave the listed ground,
And tremble to survey th' enormous round.

First *Phlegyas* rose the mighty toil to try :
Dumb was each voice, attentive ev'ry eye ;

He

He rouls the quoit in dust with prudent care, 795
And poises oft, and marks its course in air.
Ev'n from a child, (where old *Alpheus* leads
His mazy stream thro' *Pisa's* lowly meads)
Not only when with mighty chiefs he strove 800
At sacred games to please *Olympian Jove*:
Thus with full force the massy weight he threw
Far o'er the stream, half-shaded, as it flew.
At first he marks the skies and distant plain,
Then summons all his strength from ev'ry vein.
Couch'd on his knees the pond'rous orb he swung
High o'er his head, along the air it sung. 806
Now wasting by degrees, with hollow sound
Fell heavily, and sunk beneath the ground.
Fond of his art and strength in days of yore,
Well-pleas'd he stands, and waits th' event once more:

Loud

Loud shout the Greeks, and dwell on *Phlegyas'*
praise. 811

Hippomedon with scorn the chief surveys.

Some nobler arm the pond'rous orb must throw
With care, directly in a line below.

But fortune soon his mighty hopes withheld, 815

Fortune still envious to the brave or good !

Alas, can man confront the pow'r's on high ?

While distant fields are measur'd in his eye,

Just when his arm he stretch'd at full extent :

Couch'd on one knee, his side obliquely bent. 820

Struck by some force unseen, th' enormous round

Dropt from his hand, and idly prints the ground.

Much griev'd the pitying host, yet griev'd not all :

Some inly smil'd to see the *Discus* fall.

Next, sage *Menestheus* stands prepar'd to fling 825

The disk, and rouls it in the dusty ring :

L

Intent

Intent of mind he marks its airy way,
 And much implores the progeny of *May*.
 Well-aim'd it flew half o'er the *Cirque*; at last
 Heavy it fell. An arrow mark'd the cast. 830

Slow rose *Hippomedon*, and e'er he rose
 Much weigh'd the fate and fortune of his foes.
 He pois'd, and rear'd the mighty orb on high;
 Swung round his arm, and whirl'd it thro' the sky,
 Forth-springing with the cast. Aloft it sung 835
 Far o'er the mark where er'st *Menestheus* flung:
 And o'er those hills with grassy verdure crown'd,
 Whose airy summits shade the *Circus* round—
 There sunk, and sinking shook the trembling ground.

So *Polyphemus* more than mortal strong, 840
 Hurl'd a huge rock to crush th' *Ulyssean* throng:

Blind

Blind as he was, the vengeful weight he threw,
The vessel trembled, and the waters flew.

Soon good *Adraustus* rises, to repay
With sumptuous gifts the labours of the fray. 845
Safe for *Hippomedon* apart was roll'd
A tyger's skin, the paws o'erwrought with gold.
His *Gnossian* bows and darts *Menestheus* took ;
Then thus to *Phlegyas* with a mournful look
He said. This sword, unhappy chief, receive ; 850
(A boon so just *Hippomedon* might give :)
This sword which once immortal honours gain'd,
Which sav'd *Pelasgus*, and his pow'r maintain'd.

A warlike toil *Adraustus* next demands,
In iron gloves to sheath their hardy hands : 855
First *Capaneus* prepar'd for combat stands ;
A mighty giant, large, and tow'ring high,
Dreadful in fight, and hideous to the eye.

Around his wrists the hard bull-hides he binds,
And vaunts his strength, and deals his blows in
winds : 860

Stand forth some chief, he cries, (if such there be,
Who dares oppose an enemy like me !)
Yet might some *Theban* sink beneath my blow ;
Glorious and sweet is vengeance on a foe.

So spake the chief. Half-trembling with amaze,
In speechless horrour all the circle gaze. 866

At last *Alcidamas*, with gen'rous ire
Sprung forth, unask'd. The *Doric* bands admire.

All but his friends. They knew the daily care
Which *Pollux* us'd, to train him to the war. 870

(He taught him first to bind the gauntlets round
His nervous wrists, and aim the crashing wound :
Oppos'd in fight, he heav'd him high, or prest
The youth loud-panting on his naked breast.)

Him *Capaneus* survey'd with scornful eyes, 875
Insults his years, and claims a nobler prize.
Provok'd, he turns to fight. Each warrior stands
At full extent, and lifts his iron hands.

Well-temper'd casques their hardy brows surround,
To break at least the fury of the wound. 880

This tow'rd like *Tytius* on the Stygian shore,
When the fierce vultures cease to drink his gore:
So high in air his spreading shoulders rise,
So swell his muscles, and so flame his eyes;
That at his side in blooming youth appears, 885
Yet promis'd wonders from maturer years:
The favours of the croud alike succeed
On either side: none wish'd the chiefs to bleed.

Low'ring at first they met, nor silence broke,
Each lifts his arm, and only aims the stroke. 890

Some moments thus they gaz'd in wild surprize,

A hasty fury sparkled in their eyes;

Now conscious fear succeeds. The chiefs essay

Their arms, and lowly first provoke the fray.

This on nice art and diffidence relies, 895

That on mere courage, and stupendous size;

Void of all fear, and without conduct brave,

He wastes that strength himself has pow'r to save:

Still blindly drives where fury leads the way,

And storms, and falls the victor and the prey. 900

With steadfast glances this surveys his foe,

And either shuns, or wards th'impending blow;

Now lowly bends (his elbow o'er him spread)

The stroke impetuous sings above his head.

Now nearer draws, the more he seems to fly; 905

So much his motion varies from his eye!

Now

Now with full force he aims a pond'rous blow,
And tow'ring high o'ershades his mighty foe.
Thus in some storm the broken billows rise
Round the vast rock, and thunder to the skies. 910

Once more with wary foot-steps wheeling round,
Full on his front he deals a mortal wound :
Crashing it falls—unfelt the trickling blood
Spreads o'er his helmet in a crimson flood.
A sudden whisper murmurs round ; alone 915
To Capaneus the cause remains unknown.
At last he lifts his hand on high, the gore
Forth-welling fast, distains his *Cæstus* o'er.
Grief swells his heart, and vengeance and disdain—
So foams the lion, monarch of the plain ; 920
And loudly roaring with indignant pride,
Gnaws the barb'd jav'lin griding in his side :

Now springs with rage ; supine along the ground
Pants the bold youth whose hand infix'd the
wound.

Fast and more fast his lifted arms he throws 925
Around his head, and doubles blows on blows.
Part waste in air, part on the *Cætus* fall
With mighty force ; his foe returns 'em all.
Still seems to fear him with dissembling eyes,
Yet still persists, and combats, while he flies. 930
Panting they reel ; the youth retreats more slow,
The weary giant scarcely aims a blow,
They sink at once—So sailors on the main
Who long have toil'd thro' adverse waves in vain,
All drop their hands. The signal sounds once more,
Again they start, and stretch the lab'ring oar. 935

Thus

Thus rose the chiefs, with recollect'd might,
Rush'd *Capaneus* like thunder to the fight.
Low bends *Alcidamas* with watchful eyes :
Short of his aim the giant o'er him flies ;
Up starts the youth, and as he stagger'd round 940
Clasp'd firm his neck, and bow'd him to the ground.
As rising from th' inglorious plain contends
Fierce *Capaneus*, a second blow descends
Full on his head : beneath the stroke he bent ;
The youth turn'd pale, and trembled at th' event. 945

Loud shout the Greeks : The shore and forest
Then thus in haste exclaims the king of kings. Y o T
(As from the ground the furious *Argive* rose,
And vow'd, and aim'd intolerable blows)

Seize

Seize him, ye chiefs, his bloody hands restrain, 950

Give all the palm, but lead him from the plain!

Haste, see, he raves ! ah, tear him from my eyes,

He lives, he rises, the *Latonian* dies !

He said. *Hippomedon*, and *Tydeus* rose :

Scarce both their hands restrain his mighty blows. 955

Then thus they spoke. The prize is thine, forgive !

'Tis double fame to bid the vanquish'd live ;

A friend, and our allie—he storms the more,

Rejects the prize, and thus devoutly swore.

By all this blood, at present my disgrace : 960

These hands shall crush that more than female face ;

These hands shall dash him headlong to the plain —

To *Pollux* then he weeps, but weeps in vain.

He said. By force they turn'd his steps away.

Stubborn he still persists, nor yields the day. 965

Far off in secret, the Laconian host
Smile at his fury, and their hero boast.

Mean while with conscious virtue *Tydeus* burns,
Renown and praise enflame his heart by turns :
Swift in the race he still the guerdon bore, 970
Now toss'd the *Discus*, now the gauntlets wore ;
But most for *Pales*' active arts renown'd,
To hurl his foe supine along the ground.
By *Hermes* tutor'd, on th' *OEtolian* plain,
He made whole nations bite the dust in vain. 975

Full terrible he look'd. For arms he wore
The savage trophies of a mountain-boar,
Once *Calydonia*'s dread ! the bristly hide
Broad o'er his shoulders hung, with barb'rous pride.
Unbound, he flings it down, then waits his foes. 980
Besides him tow'ring, huge *Agylleus* rose,

A monstrous giant, dreadful to mankind ;
 Yet weak he seem'd, his limbs were loosely join'd.
 Low *Tydeus* was. What nature there deny'd,
 Strong nerves, and mighty courage well supply'd ;
 For nature never since the world began, 986
 Lodg'd such a spirit in so small a man !

Soon as their shining limbs are bath'd in oil,
 Down rush the heroes to the wrestling toil.
 Deform'd with dust (their arms at distance spread) 990
 Each on his shoulder half reclines his head.

Now bending 'till he almost touch'd the plain,
Tydeus the giant heav'd, but heav'd in vain,
 The mountain-cypress thus, that firmly stood
 From age to age, the empress of the wood, 995

By some strong whirlwind's sudden blast declin'd,
Bends arching down, and nods before the wind:
The deep roots tremble till the gust blows o'er,
And then she rises, stately as before.

So vast *Agylleus* scarcely mov'd below, 1000
Hangs imminent upon th' *OEtolian* foe.
Breasts, shoulders, thighs, with mighty strokes resound,
And all appears an undistinguish'd wound.
On tiptoe rais'd, their heads obliquely bent,
Each hangs on each, stretch'd out at full extent. 1005
Not half so bloody, or with half such rage,
Two furious monarchs of the herd engage.
Apart the milk-white heifer views the fight,
And waits to crown the victor with delight. 1009
Their chests they gore, the mighty shock resounds;
Love swells their hate, and heals the gaping wounds.

So

So shaggy bears in strict embraces foul,
And from each corsc squeeze forth th' unwilling soul.

Thus *Tydeus* storm'd ; nor heats nor toils assuage
His furious strength, or mitigate his rage. 1015

Agylleus pants aloud, nor scarce contends ;
Black'ned with dust a stream of sweat descends.

Tydeus press'd on, and seem'd to aim a blow
Full at his neck : the force was meant below
Where well-knit nerves the knees firm strength
supply ; 1020

Short of their reach, his hands the blow deny.
He sinks ; o'er him, like some vast mountain fell
Agylleus, and half squeez'd his soul to hell.

So when th' *Iberian* swain in search of oar
Descends, and views the light of heav'n no more:
If some strong earthquake rocks the mould'ring
ground, 1026
(High o'er him hung) down rush the ruins round;
Deep under earth his batter'd carcase lies,
Nor breathes its spirit to congenial skies.

Full of disdain *O Etolian Tydeus* rose; 1030
No peace, no bounds his fierce resentment knows:
Swift from th' inglorious hold he springs like wind,
And circles round, then firmly fix'd behind.
His hand embrac'd his side, his knees surround
The giant's knees, and bend 'em to the ground. 1035
Nought boots resistance now. *Agilleus* makes
One more essay, That moment *Tydeus* takes,
And

And rears him high. The mingling shouts arise,
And loud applause runs rattling thro' the skies.

So *Hercules*, who long had toil'd in vain, 1040
Heav'd huge *Anthæus* from the *Lybian* plain ;
Erect in air th' expiring savage hung,
Nor touch'd the kindred earth, from whence he
sprung.

Long *Tydeus* held him thus. At length he found
The point of time, and hurl'd him to the ground 1045
Side-long.—Himself upon the giant lies,
And grasps his neck, and firmly locks his thighs.

Prone o'er th' inglorious dust, *Agylleus* quakes
Half-dead : his shame alone resistance makes :
Then rose at last, and stagg'ring thro' the throng 1050
Slowly he trail'd his feeble legs along.

In A

When

When *Tydeus* thus. (His nobler hand sustain'd
The palm, his left the warlike gifts he gain'd :)
What tho' my blood o'erflow'd yon guilty ground,
When singly arm'd, whole numbers press'd me
round ; (So prov'd all contracts with the *Theban* name,
Their honour such) yet *Tydeus* lives the same.
He spoke, and speaking sent the prize away,
Aside, a breast-plate for the vanquish'd lay.

Others in arms their manly limbs enclose ;
To combat *Epidaurian Agreus* rose :
Him with his shining blade the *Theban* waits,
An exile still by unrelenting fates.

Then thus *Adrastus*. Gen'rous youths give o'er ;
Preserve all rage : and thirst for hostile gore.

Ye Gods! what slaughter and what combats call;
 Then waste your fury, *Thebes* demands it all!
 But you, O prince! a kinsman, and our friend!
 Whose cause such numbers with their lives defend:
 For whom, our native towns, and countries lay
 Unpeopled half, to other foes a prey; 1071
 Trust not th' event of fight; nor bleed, to please
 Th' inhuman hopes of base *Etheocles!*
 Avert it heav'n! the ready chiefs obey'd.
 Their brave attempt a glitt'ring helm repaid. 1075

Howe'er in sign of conquest and renown,
 He bids the warriours *Polynices* crown
 With wreaths, and hail him victor—no portent,
 (So will'd the *Sisters*) prophesy'd th' event.

Him too the chiefs with kind persuasions pray
 To rise, and close the honours of the day: 1081
 (And

(And lest one victory be lost) to throw
The missile lance, or bend the *Lycian bow*.
Well-pleas'd *Adrastus* to the plain descends
In pomp, his steps a youthful crowd attends. 1085
Behind, a squire the royal quiver bore,
Deep fill'd with shafts, a formidable store.

'Tis plain. Shall man deny? Each human cause
Proceeds unseen, from heav'n's eternal laws.
All fate appear'd: the chiefs perversely blind. 1090
Neglect the sign, nor see th' event behind.
We deem from chance unerring omens flow;
While fate draws near, and aims a surer blow.

By this the monarch strain'd the bending yew:

Full on its mark the feather'd weapon flew, 1095
Nor enter'd there. Th' impassive ash resounds:
Again with double force the shaft rebounds,

In the same line wing'd back its airy way,
 Then prone on earth before *Adraustus* lay.
 Each reasons, as his wayward thoughts decree;
 These think the shaft rebounded from the tree,
 And those, that winds with unresisted force
 Drove clouds on clouds, to intercept its course.
 Mean while th' event and dreadful omen lies
 Deep wrapt in night, nor seen by human eyes.
 One chief in safety must return alone,
 Thro' woes, and blood, and dangers yet unknown.



N O T E S
UPON THE
Sixth THE B A I D
OF
S T A T I U S.

the Sixt Thebaid

the Sixt Thebaid

the Sixt Thebaid

СЕДОИ

ЭНТКОГУ

Sixt THEBайд

50

СЕДОИ



NOTES.

NOTE I.

MR. Dryden, in his excellent preface to the *Eneid*, takes occasion to quarrel with *Statius*, and calls the present book an *ill-timed, and un-judicious Episode*. I wonder so severe a remark could pass from that gentleman, who was an admirer of our author even to superstition. I own I can scarce forgive my self, to contradict so great a poet, and so good a critic; *taliū enim virorum ut admiratio maxima, ita censura difficultis.* However the

present case may admit of very alleviating circumstances. It may be replied in general, that the design of this book was to give a respite to the main action, introducing a mournful, but pleasing variation from *terrour* to *pity*. It is also highly probable, that *Statius* had an eye to the funeral obsequies of *Polydore*, and *Anchises* mention'd in the 3d and 5th books of *Virgil*. We may also look upon them as a prelude, opening the mind by degrees to receive the miseries and horrour of a future war. This is intimated in some measure by the derivation of the word *Archemorus*.

Besides the reasons above mentioned, we have a fine opportunity of remarking upon chief of the heroes who must make a figure hereafter; this is represented to the eye in a lively sketch that distributes to each person his proper lights, with great advantage.

It must certainly be an infinite pleasure to peruse the most ancient piece of history now extant, ex-

cepting that in holy scripture. This remark must be understood of the *action* of the *Thebaid* only, which *Statius*, without question, faithfully recited from the most authentic chronicles in his own age. The action of the *Iliad* and *Odysssey* happened several years after. This is evident from *Homer's* own words. *Agamemnon*, in the 4th *Iliad*, recites with great transport the expedition of *Tydeus*: and *Ulysses* mentions the story of *Jocasta* (or *Epicaste*, as he calls her) in a very particular manner. It is in his descent to hell, *Odysssey* the eleventh.

Μητέσα δ' Οιδιπόδαο ιδον, καλὴν Επικάτην,
"Η μέσα ἔργον ἐρεξεν αἰδρείοις νόει,
Γημαυένη ω̄μει. ο δ' ὅν παῖσιν ἐξαναρπίξας
Γῆμεν.

'Αλλ' ο μεν ἐν Θήβῃ πολυηράτω αλγεα πάχων
Καθμείων πνασσε, θεῶν ὀλοὰς διὰ βυλάς,
'Η δὲ βη ἐις αἰδαο πυλαρέταιο κράτεροιο
"Ωι αχει" χομενη, τῷ δ' αλγεα κάλλιπ' ὀπίσσων
Πολλὰ μάλ, ἵσσα τὲ μητρὸς ἐρίγγυες ἐκτελίνων.

The antiquity of the *Thebaid* may be consider'd also in another view. As the poet was obliged to conform the manners of his heroes to the time of action, we in justice ought not to be so much shock'd with those insults over the dead which run thro' all the battles. This softens a little the barbarity of *Tydeus*, who expired gnawing the head of his enemy ; and the impiety of *Capaneus*, who was thunderstruck while he blasphemed *Jupiter*. Whoever reads the books of *Joshua* and *Judges* will find about those times the same savage spirit of insolence and *fierté*.

4.

The Nemeæan Games. v. 4.

I beg to be excused from giving a long account of the *Nemeæan games*. What the world calls learning, differs very little from pedantry ; and I am sensible many an honest man may deserve that imputation when he means no manner of harm : so much

much harder 'tis to conceal knowledge, than first get it. The best and most ancient information now extant is to be collected from *Pindar's odes* in general. However I must just take notice of a *funeral oration* spoken in honour of *Archemorus*, as it is mentioned by *Clemens Alexandrinus*, in his *admonit. ad Gentes.*

5.

The youthful sailors thus with early care
Their arms experience— V. 23.

'Tis worth while here to take notice of *Statius* his similes in general. They are sometimes proper, but not often : a common fault with most young authors, who can reject nothing; tho' a more judicious writer at the same time would either suppress the thought, or at most content himself with a metaphor. I am apt to think similes must seldom be used, except they convey to the mind some very pleasing, or strong piece of painting. For all similes are descriptions (or pictures) whose only beauty proceeds from an excellence in the imagery. In these cases, painting must always be consulted.

Ano-

Another oversight in *Statius*, is want of parity in the circumstances : but this is owing to the irregularity of his genius, which was above insisting upon particulars, and gave only some bold strokes of likeness.

If a translator can leave out such similes (or other passages) in *Statius* as are not proper, without violating the context : or if he can supply any of their defects in a very short compass, I think he ought. Tho' these liberties are not to be taken with more correct writers.

6.

Swift from mankind the pow'r of slumber,
flew. v. 31.

This place is not translated exactly to the letter, nor indeed would our language bear it. The original is extremely poetical, and correspondent to the best paintings in those times.

—*cornu fugiebat somnus inani.*

—ODA

For

For *Somnus* (or *sleep*) was represented as a deity pouring dews out of a horn, over the temples of the sleeping person. *Statius* alludes to this in another passage, upon the same occasion.

—cornu perfuderat omni.

This remark I owe to *Lactantius*, who has given us the only tolerable comment upon *Statius*. Care has been taken to read him entirely over, tho' to little purpose. His notes are learned, short, and clear, but seldom poetical. Most of them are like the old *Scholia* upon *Homer*, explaining one word by another. He is full of *Apostrophes* and exclamations, yet gives no reasons. Such as *exquisite dictum!*

pictum egregie! &c.

Mean while *Adrastus* bears the friendly part,

And with kind words consoles, &c. v. 51.

Chaucer, who was perhaps the greatest poet among the moderns, has translated these verses almost

most word for word in his *Knight's Tale*. I shall make this remark once for all : As nothing particularizes the fine passages in *Homer* more than that *Virgil* vouchsafed to imitate them : so scarce anything can exalt the reputation of *Statius* higher, than the verbal imitations of our great countryman. I prefer this to a volume of criticisms ; no man would imitate, what he could exceed.

8.

Inwoven on the pall, young *Linus* lay

In lonely woods—— v. 70.

Linus was the son of *Apollo*, and the nymph *Psamathé*. No picture could be introduced with more propriety ; his death was almost exactly the same with that of *Archemorus*. The story is related at large by *Adrastus* in the first *Thebaid* ; and admirably translated by Mr. *Pope*.

How mean a fate, unhappy child ! is thine ?

Ah how unworthy those of race divine ?

On

On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,

His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,

He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries ;

While the rude swain his rural music tries,

To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.

Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,

Was more, alas ! than cruel fate would give !

For on the grassy verdure as he lay,

And breath'd the freshness of the rising day,

Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,

Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapt the gore.

The pious mother thus, deceiv'd too late

Like her fond spouse — v. 90.

I scarce ever met with a more incoherent passage than this, in any author. The sense is fine, and easily apprehended by the context : the words are obscure to a fault, and the transition too sudden, and violent.

Namque illi & pharetras, brevioraque tela dicarat
 Festinus voti pater, insontesque sagittas.

Jam tunc & notâ stabulis de gente probatos
 In nomen pascebat cquos, cinctusque sonantes,
 Armaque maiores expectatura lacertos —

Spes avidæ! quas non in nomen *credula* vestes
 Urgebat studio? &c.

Spes avidæ, must certainly be spoken of the mother, or else *credula* has nothing to agree with. In short, it must never be defended, but by one of these two excuses, either that *Statius* left his poem unfinished, or that the verse immediately preceding, is now lost. It might mean perhaps no more than this, "Thus too was the unhappy mother deceived! With what care — &c." This consideration clears the sense, and solves all objections at once. However 'tis a mere conjecture, and may be truer to the author's reputation, than his first meaning.

All grave readers will reject this as a whimsical young man's notion ; nor do I lay any stress upon it. To show I can be serious upon occasion, I shall just refer them to *Virgil's third Georgic*, where will be found a transition from horses to cows, as obscure almost as this in *Statius*.

Gronovius (without any authority) thinks we should read *spes avidi*, instead of *avidæ*, still preserving the context, and referring *credula* to *spes*. I cannot approve of this emendation for many reasons ; we at once lose half the beauty. Besides, the repetition of *in nomen* would be tautology, if it did not refer to another person : nor can *urgere vestes* be so properly applied to the father.

Whoever reads this positive Dutchman's preface to *Ammianus Marcellinus*, will never think him to be a man of sense, or candor.

10.

Stretch'd o'er the ground the tow'ring oaks were
seen, &c. v. 108.

This description is inimitably beautiful, and I might spend a whole page in admirations. 'Twere easy also, by drawing parallel places, (a common, but unfair practice) to prefer *Statius* to all the ancients, and moderns. Most of the poets have exercised their genius upon this occasion ; particularly *Ovid* in the 10th book of his *Metamorphosis*.

— Non Chaonis abfuit arbos,

Non nemus Heliadum, non frondibus esculus altis :

Non tiliæ molles, non fagus, & innuba laurus,

Et coryli fragiles, & fraxinus utilis hastis,

Enodisq; abies, curvataq; glandibus ilex,

Et platanus genialis, accrq; coloribus impar,

Aminicolæq; simul salices, & aquatica lotos.

As

As also *Claudian*, in the *rape of Proserpina*, Lib. the 2d. Chaucer seems to have a particular eye to this passage throughout all his poems. See his *Knight's Tale*, the *Assembly of Fowls*, and *Complaint of the black Knight*. I am also much pleased to find this passage finely imitated by two other of our ancient English poets. I shall first cite Fairfax, who understood the harmony of numbers better than any person then living, except Spenser. All the world knows his excellent version (or paraphrase rather) of *Tasso's Gierusalem liberata*. The other, whom I mean, is M. Drayton, whose *Fairy-tale* is a master-piece in those grotesque writings,

Down fall the sacred palms, and ashes wild—
The fun'ral cypress, holly ever green.

The weeping firr, thick beech, and sailing pine,
The married elm fell with his fruitful vine ;
The shooter-yew, the broad-leav'd sycamore,
The barren platane, and the walnut sound :

The myrrh that her foul sin doth still deplore,
The alder, owner of all watrish ground,
Sweet juniper, whose shadow hurteth sore,
Proud cedar, oak, the king of forests crown'd.

Fairfax.

The tufted cedar, and the branching pine

Under whose covert, (thus divinely made)
Phœbus' green laurel flourish'd in the shade :
Fair *Venus'* myrtle, *Mars* his warlike firr,
Minerva's olive, and the weeping myrrh ;
The patient palm that strives in spite of hate,
The poplar to *Alcides* consecrate, &c.

Drayton.

I ask pardon for the tediousness of this Note, and the reader in justice ought to acknowledge I writ it to gratify my pleasure, rather than my vanity ; and surely no person who has the least taste can be displeased with so much variety. I insist only

and

s. vi

to

to produce one description more out of *Statius*.
The verses are extremely natural, and carry something with them as awful, and venerable as the subject.

Sylva capax ævi, validâq; incurva senectâ,
Æternum intonsæ frondis, stat pervia nullis
Solibus.
Subter opaca quies, vacuusq; silentia servat
Horror, & exclusæ pallet mala lucis imago,
Nec caret umbra Deo.

Thebaid 4.

III.

Sacred to heav'n and hell the mourners rear

Two massy altars—— v. 131.

It may be asked why the *Grecians* raised two altars. *Lactantius* answers that one only was for *Archemorus*, and the other for the *Serpent*, that killed him.

If the reader supposes this to be too much honour for the latter, it must be remembred, that those creatures were almost always esteemed by the ancients, as sacred to some deity. But *Statius* mentions this in particular. See the death of *Archemorus*, in the 5th *Thebaid*.

—Nemoris sacer horror Achæi

Erigitur Serpens.

And a little afterwards,

—Inachio sanctum dixere Tonanti
Agricola —

So *Virgil*, speaking of the two serpents that strangled *Laocoön*, *Eneid* the 2d.

Their task perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,

And to the tow'r of *Pallas* make their way:

Couch'd at her feet they lie protected there

By her large buckler, and pretended spear,

Dryden.

or woful or wond'ry . But now ad comes such a noise
 now ym 12. was when all silent
 and so 12. doth it come to us before cognit
 — In mournful strains

The music of the *Phrygian* fife complains. v. 137.

The *Phrygian* measure in music was made use of,
 to call the spirits of the deceased from *Hades*. *Pele-*
lops was the first person who invented, and set it to
 the lyre, and from him it came to the *Grecians*.

Lactantius.

13.

Behind *Hypsipile's* soft sorrows flow

Silent, and fast — v. 147.

Nothing can be more finely imaged than this character of *Hypsipile*; it seems a perfect picture of beauty in distress. Her very silence is eloquent: She knows her innocence, but must not speak one word to defend it. She moves along by herself the very last of them all, while every eye seems to threaten and accuse her. And even after all this, there is still a dejected sweetness, a tenderness, a con-

fusion that cannot be express'd. I know not how to make the reader any ways sensible of my own images, except I refer him to the character of *Bri- seïs* in Homer's first *Iliad*, and the picture of *Sis- gambis* in *Darius his tent.*

This puts me in mind of some fine strokes in *Spenser*, tho' upon a different occasion. What I mean, is the silence and confusion of *Britomart*, when the *red-cross knight* discovers her to be a lady, and enquires after her adventures.

Thereat she sighing softly, had no pow'r
 To speak a while, ne ready answer make,
 But with heart-thrilling throbs, and bitter stow'r,
 As if she had a fever-fit, did quake,
 And ev'ry dainty limb with horror shake ;
 And ever and anon the rosie red
 Flash'd thro' her face, as it had been a flake
 Of lightning, through bright heaven fulmined.

Fairy Queen, Lib. 3. Cant. 2.

See

See also the same canto, stanza the 15th.

14.

Speech of *Eurydice*. v. 153.

Statius has equally shown his conduct in this speech of *Eurydice*. She is injured, and indeed deserves a liberty to resent it. She condoles, she repents, she heightens her misfortunes, and then seems to wonder why providence should inflict them. This she aggravates by considering the prosperity of her neighbours, which certainly gives the deepest remorse in all afflictions. Nothing can be finer than these two last particulars. They arise immediately from human nature, and give a lively picture of self-respect, and indulgency to our own frailties. What follows is more abrupt and violent; she draws the author of her misery in the most disagreeable colours, makes her treacherous, negligent, and even insensible of gratitude or pity.

15.

15.

Whose hands sustain'd thee, and whose music
charm'd,

Whose eye o'ersaw thee—v. 185.

I am far from being disgusted with these little particularities that attend the most serious and noble passions. Nothing has a better effect in poetry, or painting. An incident may be *small*, and at the same time not *trifling*. This puts me in mind of an observation in *Longinus*: it is made upon *Sappho's* love-ode, translated afterwards by *Catullus*.

"The poetess (says he) has assembled with admirable skill all the little accidents to that passion.
"Her heart beats fast, her tongue trembles, her sight
"seems to swim, and her colour vanishes all in one
"moment."

"This confusion suits admirably well with the wandering irresolutions of the soul upon such occasions.

Longinus, Chap. 8.

16.

16.

So when the holy priest with curious eyes
Dooms some fair heifer. v. 209.

I must not forget that *Statius* has copied this simile from *Lucretius*. 'Tis hard to say which is the more excellent. *Lucretius* his lines are these, after he has described the young heifer slain in sacrifice.

At mater virideis saltus orbata peragrans,
Omnia convisens oculis loca, si queat usquam
Conspicere amissum foetum, completq; querelis
Frondiferum nemus adsistens, & crebra revisit
Ad stabulum, desiderio perfixa juvenci,
Non teneræ salices, atq; herbæ rore vigentes
Fluminave ulla queunt summis labentia ripis
Oblectare animum, subitamq; avertere curam:
Nec vitulorum aliæ species per pabula læta
Derivare queunt aliò, curâve levare.

Lib. 2.

17.

17.

The father now unbars his rev'rend head ;
 His silver locks he scatters o'er the dead. v. 217.

The practice of cutting off the hair, and strewing it over the deceased, was so common with the ancients, that all testimonies are needless. It prevails among the Sclavonians to this day, who, (as Lord Busbeque observes in his *Epistles*) *neque modo capillos, sed etiam supercilia sibi (in luctu) demunt.*

18.

If Jove's almighty wisdom can deceive,
 Curs'd is the man who fondly will believe !

v. 221.

This apostrophe contains a fine picture of human nature in distress. Heaven itself cannot escape our censure : its unerring justice is called into question, and we fancy more to be inflicted on us, than we ought to suffer.

Much

Much of this kind is the speech of *Afius* in *Homēr's 12th Iliad*. *Eustathius* makes a very moral remark upon it, which I shall transcribe, as I find it admirably translated to my hands. “ The speech
 “ of *Afius* is very extravagant : He exclaims against
 “ *Jupiter* for a breach of promise, not because he
 “ had broken his word, but because he had not
 “ fulfilled his own vain imaginations. This con-
 “ duct, tho' very blameable in *Afius*, is very natu-
 “ ral to persons under disappointments, who are e-
 “ ver ready to blame heaven, and turn their mis-
 “ fortunes into a crime.” Thus far *Eustathius*.

Æneas (whose chief character is piety) could not help accusing men and gods when he lost *Crœusa*. Tho' in justice to *Virgil* it ought to be observed, that he softens, or rather disapproves of the impiety at the same time ; for so the word *amens* must be understood.

Quem non incusavi, *amens*, hominumq; deo-
 rumq; ?

As

As this note is capable of very serious reflections, it may not perhaps be amiss to look a little into the holy scriptures. The impatience of *Job's* wife, as also the diffidence and irresolutions of *David* in the 73d psalm, are extraordinary instances of this sort. But *Jeremiah* carries it yet farther: He proceeds to an expostulation with his Maker. " Let me talk with thee, O Lord, of thy judgments. Thou hast planted (the wicked) yea, they have taken root: they grow, yea, they bring forth fruit. But thou, O Lord, knowest me, thou hast seen me, and tried my heart towards thee. I have forsaken my house, &c.

Chap. 12. v. 1, 2, 3, & 8.

Lactantius solves the extravagance of this speech of *Lycurgus* very oddly, by a Reflection on his priesthood. His words are these, " Priests may be as angry as they will," for so must he be understood according to the purport of the original. I much question whether his name-sake would have allowed this concession

cession to the clergy: and if the translator may have leave to give his opinion, he thinks them to have less need of it, than any other part of the nation.

19.

Nine times his course bright *Lucifer* had roll'd,
And ev'ning *Vesper* deck'd his rays with gold.

v. 271.

This particularity is so far from being ornamental, that it preserves a valuable piece of antiquity; namely, the closing of the funeral games after nine days end: which ceremony the old *Romans* called *Novemdia*.

Bernartius.

20.

High o'er the people wrought with lively grace,

Shine the fair glories of their ancient race.

v. 297.

I

I don't remember any thing more noble, or judicious than this *historical picture*. The description of a shield was already worn out : 'twas impossible to add any thing of moment after *Homer* and *Virgil*. Nor is it introduced merely for ornament ; it contains, no less than the story of their ancestors, *magnanimum series antiqua parentum*. Its effects are visible : to inspire them with courage in the funeral games. Besides, it happily avoids most of the objections that have been made against the shields of *Achilles* and *Eneas*. Its size answers all multiplicity of figures ; and even every figure bears a plain reference to the subject of action. The rules of painting are exactly preserved : we have not only a contrast of passions in different persons, but variety of place in each distinct compartment.

'Tis reasonable to think our author designed this as a compliment to a common ceremony then among the *Romans* : who used at all solemn funerals to carry before the corps of the deceased the pictures of their ancestors. Thus *Horace*, *Epoche* the 8th.

— *Funus atque imagines*

— *Ducunt triumphales tuum.*

See also Ciceron's oration for *Milo*, and the 35th book of *Pliny*. Perhaps *Statius* owed the first hint of his historical picture to the custom we now mention.

21.

— Brave *Choræbus* lifts his bleeding hands—v. 324.

Laetantius gives two meanings to this hemistic; the venerable or undaunted figure of *Choræbus*. I have chosen the latter, because it agrees best with his character in the first *Thebaid*. The story is too long to be transcribed.

22.

Here *Belus'* Sons at *Hymen*'s altars stand,
And join with hearts averse the friendly hand.

v. 331.

O

The

The contract of *Danaus* and *Egyptus* is too well known to be repeated. However for the sake of the curious I shall not pass by the *Epistle of Hypermnestra* to *Linus*, and some remarkable passages in *Pindar's ninth Pythian Ode*. *Statius* seems pleased with this story, and has chosen it in another place to ornament the shield of *Hippomedon*. There is something very masterly in the expression, and the *Tout-ensemble* makes a fine piece of night-painting.

—humeros, & pectora late

Flammeus orbis habet — vivit in auro

Nox *Danai*, fontes furiarum lampade nigrâ

Quinquaginta ardent thalami, pater ipse cruentis
In foribus, laudatque nefas, atque inspicit enses.

Theb. 4.

23.

Swift flew the rapid car, and left behind

The noise of tempests, and the wings of wind.

v. 349.

A

These

These verses are somewhat too bold in the original.

— — stupuere relicta
Nubila, certantes Euriq; Notiq; sequuntur.

Whoever translates *Statius* must have liberty to soften some of these hyperboles. Yet *Lactantius* was of another opinion, who admires this place in the true spirit of criticism. *Divinè dictum! dedit illis victoriae votum, sed ademit effectum.* His remark is not worth translating.

24.

So sad *Apollo* with a boding sigh

Told his fond child — v. 363.

We may perceive something very remarkable in this simile, not without a fine commiseration for unhappy *Polynices*. Instead of accusing the rashness, or folly of *Phaeton*, all is attributed to fatal destiny. As much as to say, *Polynices* lost not

the race thro' his own imprudence, but by the interposition of a deity.

25.

Admetus' Life, &c. v. 431.

This alludes chiefly to the story of *Alceste*, *Admetus* his wife, who was so honourable (it seems) as to lay down her own life to atone for her husband's. *Juvenal* makes an agreeable use of this female gallantry.

—spectant subeuntem fata mariti
Alcesten.

Lactantius.

Euripides has written a tragedy upon this occasion. I am afraid few modern ladies would give such an example, but indeed husbands are much alter'd since the days of *Admetus*. I may add, that *Statius* takes notice of the death of *Alceste* in his *Sylva*, entitled the *tears of Etruscus*, Lib. 3. I the rather cite this poem because it contains some

fine

fine strokes of humanity, and filial affection. Of the same nature is his *Epicedion in Patrem*. I wonder these two admirable copies have never yet been translated.

26.

“ Th’ impatient coursers pant in ev’ry vein,
“ And pawing seem to beat the distant plain.
“ The vales, the floods appear already crost,
“ And e’er they start, a thousand steps are lost.

V. 454.

The Latin of these verses is wonderfully fine, as Mr. Dryden acknowledges in his *Preface to Du Fresnoy*. He cites them as a true image of our author.

Stare adeò miserum est, pereunt vestigia mille

Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula
campum.

O 3

Which

Which would cost me (says he) an hour to translate, there is so much beauty in the original. Since that, Mr. Pope has imitated these verses almost *verbatim* in his *Windsor-Forest*: And I thought fit to transfer them hither, rather than expose my own weakness. I never was heartily mortified before; I just know how to admire him and to despise myself! The reader may be assured, I durst not presume to do this without that gentleman's consent; who not only gave me leave to use his translation, but also to alter any circumstances that might not correspond with the original. I remember a paper in the *Guardian* that consists chiefly of parallel descriptions upon this occasion; and thither I refer the curious.

Balde the Jesuit has some bold strokes in an ode whose title I forget, tho' 'tis written partly in imitation of the war-horse in *Job*. I mention this, purely to do justice to that poet's memory, who (notwithstanding some extravagancies) came nearer to the spirit and abruptness of *Pindar*, than any of his cotemporaries.

27.

Earth opening seem'd to groan (a fatal sign !)

v. 600.

Because *Amphiaraus* was afterwards to be swallowed under ground. See the latter end of the seventh *Thebaid*.

Illum ingens haurit specus, & transire parantes
Mergit equos: non arma manu, non fræna re-
misit

Sicut erat, rectos defert in Tartara currus :

Respexitque cadens cœlum, campumque coire
Ingemuit—

I take this to be one of the most noble descriptions I ever met with in any language.

28.

Loud shouts each chief that from high *Elis* leads
 His native train, &c. v. 639.

I have open'd this passage a little, but with due respect to geography. See the fourth *Theb. Resu-*
pina Elis, demissa Pisa.

29.

Lives there a warrior in the world of fame,
 Who never heard of *Atalanta's* name? v. 649.

The commentators are all mighty merry upon these verses. It seems *Statius* has confounded the history of *Atalanta* (there being two of that name) and takes the wife of *Hippomenes* for that of *Peleops*; the famous racer in days of yore. This (say they) is a remarkable oversight, and very few of them can heartily forgive it. The matter is hardly worth debate : Poets were never thought infallible. Whoever reads the *critical discourse upon the Iliad*, will find many errors even in *Homer*; tho' not so many

many as *La Motte* fancied. *Aristotle*, *Cicero*, and *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* were seldom right in their quotations. *Macrobius* tells us, that *Virgil* ran into many palpable mistakes, purely to disengage himself from too much exactness, and to imitate *Homer*. Mons. *la Motte le Vayer* has written an entire treatise upon this subject: and I think it worth reading, merely as a mortification for human vanity.

In deference to the above-mentioned criticism, I thought fit to leave out, *vestigia cunctis indepensa procis*; for there lies all the confusion.

30.

Foot-race. v. 766.

I must own, I think this *Foot-race* an inimitable piece of poetry. The design it self is equally as just; the circumstances perhaps are more beautiful than those upon the same subject in the *Greek* or *Roman* poet. Had *Statius* given the prize to *Idas*, (than which nothing was more easy) I cannot but think the moral would have been highly defective. Yet *Euryalus* in *Virgil* wins the race by downright

frau-

fraudulence. In the descriptive parts our author borrows nothing considerable from either of the above-cited poets. I wish he had taken one circumstance from *Homer*, which pleases me much. It is the passage where *Ulysses* follows *Ajax*:

—*αὐλαὶς ὥπιστεν*

"Ιχνία πύπλε πόδεων τάξεος κίγνι αμφιχυθῆναι.

—His foe he plies,

And treads each footstep, e'er the dust can rise.

30.

Thus in some storm the broken billows rise

Round the *vast* Rock — v. 909.

Tis with great judgment the poet introduces this simile, which admirably paints the size and unmoveableness of *Capaneus*. I have endeavoured to give it this turn, adding the epithet *vast*, to strengthen the idea. A translator can seldom do his author this justice, and I see no reasons against it, if the deviation exceeds not one word. However 'tis manifest the original alludes only to the noise, and sudden

sudden overflowing of the waters. 'Tis impossible to give a more lively image of *Alcidamas*. *Statius* has comprized himself also into a shorter compass than usual, that the mind might not be too much suspended in the midst of so important an action. Besides, there is a particular beauty in the versification : it seems to run by starts, short and violent :

Assilit, ut præceps cumulo salit unda, minaces
In scopulos, & fracta redit—

32.

The fight of the *Cæstus*. v. 966.

I have taken notice in the *Foot-race*, that *Statius* has varied from *Virgil* with admirable judgment. The same may be advanced here in respect to *Homer*, who in his fight of the *Cæstus*, rewards insolence, and pride, instead of punishing them. There is an exact parity of character between *Capaneus* and *Epëus*: but not the same success. The boaster in this place meets with the most manifest disadvantage : A great improvement of the moral.

Upon

Upon the whole: it may be required I should attempt something like a comparison between the descriptions of this game in *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Statius*. To speak my own sentiments, I cannot but prefer the latter, not only for its greater variety of incidents, but for the character of arrogance, which is wrought up to much more perfection: 'twas this they all laboured at. *Capaneus* is so far blinded with his own admiration, that he still fancies himself the conqueror: tho' the odds appeared visibly against him: so apt is pride to magnify. This is superadded to the characters in *Homer* and *Virgil*: and I think it a most natural improvement.

33.

The mountain-cypress thus, that firmly stood

From age to age ————— v. 994.

Originally;

Illi autem Alpini veluti regina cupressus,

Verticis. —————

I have read in one of our modern critics, or in some book of travels, that no cypresses grow upon the

the *Alps*. The author upon this takes occasion to fall foul upon an eminent *Roman* poet, and wonders at his ignorance. 'Tis no matter where I met with this remark, it not being of much consequence: Yet I thought fit to leave out *Alpinus*; and added a more indefinite epithet.

Since my writing this note, I chanced to read *Bernartius* his comment upon *Statius*. He is much chagrined at this oversight. As a specimen of his humanity and taste for criticism, I shall transcribe his own words at length: “*Attigit ut videtur Papinius hic guttam è flumine Lethe. Nam in Alpibus nusquam cupressi: nisi forte speciem pro genere posuit, quod non inepte affirmare possumus.*

34.

Not half so bloody: or with half such rage
Two mighty monarchs of the herd engage.

v. 1036.

Statius seems to have copied this simile from the combat of *Hercules* and *Achelous* in the ninth book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*. I shall pleasure the reader with them both. And first *Ovid*;

Non

Non aliter vidi fortis concurrere tauros,
 Cum pretium pugnæ, toto nitidissima saltu
 Expetitur conjux: spectant armenta, paventq;
 Nescia quem tanti maneat victoria regni.

Non sic ductores gemini gregis, horrida tauri
 Bella movent: *medio conjux stat candida prato*
Victorem expectans; rumpunt obnixa furentes
 Pectora —

The latter in my opinion is far more natural than
 the former. There is a beautiful contrast, or varia-
 tion of numbers, very tender and flowing, in

— *medio conjux* — &c.

Which is somewhat faintly preserved in the trans-
 lation.

Spenser has a simile something of this nature in
 the combat between the *Red-Cross Knight* and
Sansfoy, *Lib. i. Canto 2.*

35.

Nor breath'd its spirit to congenial skies.

v. 1029.

Or to congenial *Stars* more literally, according to the philosophy of *Pythagoras*. The wicked, says *Lactantius*, were punish'd by their *Stars* (*ab ipsis astris, stellisq; are his words*) the good enjoyed their light for ever. For a farther explication of this ancient doctrine, I refer the reader to *Servius* and *Ruæus* his notes upon the 227th line of *Virgil's 4th Georgic*; *Syderis in numerum*, &c. See also *Plato in Timæo*.

36.

So *Hercules*, who long had toil'd in vain

Heav'd huge *Anthèus*. v. 1040.

I cannot but admire this noble simile; besides the parity of circumstances, the savage character of *Anthèus* suits admirably well with the brutal fury of

Agylleus:

Agylleus: nor is it a small compliment to little *Tydeus*, to compare him with *Hercules* for strength. I fancy Spenser drew the story of *Maleger* at large from this picture. I am the more inclined to think so, because in the combat of *Prince Arthur*, and *Pyrrhocles*, he translates almost literally from *Statius* those verses that describe *Agylleus* after his fall: tho' it must be own'd, he has interwoven a similitie that much improves them.

Nought booteth it the payntim then to strive,
But as a bittour in an eagle's claw,
That may not hope by flight to 'scape alive,
Still hopes for death, with dread and trembling
awe,
So he now subject to the victor's law
Did not once move, nor upwards cast his eye.

37.

Here end the funeral games, which are put off (as in *Virgil*) by a prodigy, foreboding that none of
the

the seven captains should return, except *Adraſtus*: As that in *Virgil* foretold the burning of the ships by the *Trojan* matrons.

To conclude, whosoever will read the original impartially, will find *Statius* to be a much better poet than the world imagines. What the translation is, I know not: Nor can the notes be extraordinary, when no body has written any thing tolerable before me. The reader may believe, or disbelieve them as he pleases; I deliver conjectures, not doctrines. If my present version has the fortune to please, I may perhaps proceed farther: if not, I cannot but think my self happy in reviving at least so fine a piece of poetry. I have but just given the sketch of a picture, it remains for others to deepen the strokes, and finish the whole. Whoever can take such pains, will oblige me, as much as the world.



the lower qualities should remain except memory :
 A short history of the evolution of the principles of
 the Greek nation may draw me from this picture. I am the more inclined to think
 from this picture. I am the more inclined to think
 in consequence, whether the original
 inhabitants will truly deserve to be a much better
 race than the Moors, who are
 seated upon the borders of the ocean, and exceed
 in power those who have been so far removed
 from the sea. The reader may perceive
 from me that the pleasure; I derive from
 the exercise of my patriotic activity has given me
 pleasure. It may be called patriotic; if not, I can-
 not call it patriotic; probably it is爱国的. It is
 the pleasure of a patriot, if he gives his life
 for a piece of property. I have put this giving the
 spectre of a patriot, if he gives his life for a piece
 of property, which may be called patriotic. With
 the strokes, and marks of the sword, as the
 take such pains, with infinite trouble, as the
 world did not once move, nor upwards call his eye.

There are two kinds of names, which are put off (失
 命) by a prodigy, foretelling the name of

629

DEDICATION DIVINE POEMS.

Right O High, low

Majestic, too, in beauty

And Obedient, Sure,

Methinks the world is full of them.

H. W.

Eternal, undimmed, Clouds will descend

Thy chariot comes in darkness vap'ring smoke

Thou walk'st majestic on the wings of wind.

DEDICATION.

TO the Reverend Mr. HILDROP,
Master of *Marleborough-School*,
(under whom I had the honour of re-
ceiving my education) these DIVINE
POEMS are humbly *Dedicated* by
his

most Obliged,

and Obedient Servant,

W. H A R T E.



God with us, & we will not be afraid.
P S A L M the CIVth,

P A R A P H R A S E D.

A Wake my soul ! in hallow'd raptures praise
Th' Almighty God, who in th' empyreal
height
Majestic shines, too glorious to behold.
Methinks the broad expansion of the sky
O'erspreads thy throne : In air thy chambers hang
Eternal, and unmov'd. Clouds roll'd on clouds
Thy chariot form ; in thund'rings wrapt and fires
Thou walk'st, incumbent on the wings of wind.

Active as flames, all intellect, God forms
Angels of essence pure, whose finer parts
Invisible, and half dissolv'd in light,
Should fleet thro' worlds of air, Th' Almighty
hand

Fixt earth's eternal basis, and prescrib'd
Its utmost limits to the raging main.

Forth from their deeps a world of waters rose
And delug'd earth. He spoke, the waves obey'd
In peace, subsiding to their ancient springs.
Part murmur headlong down the mountain's sides :
Part thro' the vales in slow *Meanders* play,
As pleas'd, yet loth to leave the flow'ry scene.
Thither by instinct savage beasts repair
To slake their thirst. Along the margin trees

Wave

Wave in the watry gleam, amid whose boughs
The winged songsters chaunt their Maker's pow'r.

God with prolific dews, and genial rain
Impregnates earth, then crowns the smiling fields
With lively green : the vegetative juice
Flows briskly thro' the trees ; the purple grape
Swells with nectareous wines t' inspire the soul.
With verdant fruits the clust'ring olive bends
Whose spritely liquor smooths the shining face.

On Lebanon the sacred cedar waves,
And spiry firr-tree, where the stork conceals
Her clam'rous young. The rocks bare, unadorn'd,
Have uses too : there goats in quest of food
Hang pendulous in air, there rabbits form
Their mazy cells—In constant course the moon

Nocturnal sheds her kindly influence down,
Marks out the circling year, and rules the tydes.

In constant regularity the sun
Purples the rosy east, or leaves the skies.
Then awful night o'er all the globe extends
Her sable shades : the woods and defarts ring
With hideous yell, what time the lions roar
And tear their prey ; but when the glim'ring morn
Dawns o'er the hills, their depredations cease,
And sacred silence reigns. Then painful man
Commences with the sun his early toil,
With him retires to rest. O Pow'r supreme,
How wonderful thy works ! the bounteous earth
Pours from its fruitful surface plants and herbs
Adapt for ev'ry use : its bowels hold
Rich veins of silver, and the golden oar,
To flake their drift. Along the margin wreath

Unnumber'd wonders in the deeps appear,
Incredible to thought. There tow'rs of oak
Float o'er the surges ; there enormous whales
In awkward gambols play, th' inferior fry
Sportive thro' groves of shining coral glide.
These with observance due, when hunger calls
Expect their meat from God, who sometimes gives
A just sufficiency, or more profuse
Show'r's down his bounty with a copious hand.
When God withholds his all-sustaining care,
To dust, their former principle they fall.
Then thy prolific spirit forms anew
Each undecaying species. Mighty God,
How great, how good thy pow'r ; that *was, and is,*
And e'er shall *be* immutably the same !

MIA 29
Earth at thy look with reverential fear
Ev'n to the center shakes : the mountains blaze

Beneath thy touch ! Hail awful pow'r of heav'n,
 Eternal *three and one* ! The slaves of vice
 Thy vengeance, like a sudden whirlwind's rage,
 Sweeps from mankind. My muse, thrice glorious
 task ! While my blest eyes behold the cheerful sun,
 While life shall animate this mortal frame,
 In heav'nly flights shall spread a bolder wing,
 And sing to Him, who gave her first to sing !



P S A L M

Even to the centre of deeps : the mountains rise



PSALM the CVIIth,

P A R A P H R A S E D.

Mortals, rejoice ! with raptures introduce
Your grateful songs, and tell what mercies
God Deigns to bestow on man : but chiefly you
The progeny of *David*, whom the Lord
Selected from each region of the globe
Beneath the *Arctic* or *Antarctic* pole :
Or where the purple sun with orient beams

Strikes

Strikes parallel on earth, or prone descends
 T' illumine worlds beyond th' *Hesperian main*.

With weary feet, and mournful eyes they pass'd
 Erroneous thro' the dreary waste of plains,
 Immeas'rable : the broad expanse of heav'n
 Their canopy, the ground of damp malign
 Their bed nocturnal. Thus in wild despair
 Anxious they sought some hospitable town.
 In shame, and bitterness of soul once more
 They recogniz'd the Lord, and trembling cry'd
Have mercy on us! he, the source of mercy,
 Kindly revisited his fav'rite race,
 Consol'd their woes, and led the weary train
 Thro' barren wilds to the long-promis'd land,
 Then plac'd 'em there in peaceful habitations.

Chorus.

" O that the sons of men in grateful songs

" Wou'd praise th' unbounded goodness of the

Lord,

" Declare his miracles, and laud his pow'r !

He chears the sad, and bids the famish'd soul

Luxuriant feast till nature craves no more.

He often saves th' imprison'd wretch that lies

Tortur'd in iron chains no more to see

The cheerful light, or breathe the purer air.

(The due reward imperious mortals find,

When swell'd with earthly grandeur, they despise

The Pow'r supreme) thus Jesse's sacred seed

Elated with the num'rous gifts of heav'n,

Slighted

Slighted the giver : then the wrathful Lord
 With-held his hand. They impotent to save
 Their forfeit lives, in piercing accents cry'd
Help Lord, we die! he soon with aspect mild
 Commiserates their anguish, and reliev'd
 Those limbs, which sedentary numbness e'rest
 Had cramp't, when they in doleful shades of death
 Sare inconsolable—“ O then that men
 “ Wou'd praise th' unbounded goodness of the
 Lord,
 “ Declare his miracles, and laud his pow'r !
 Man, thoughtless of his end, in anguish reaps
 The fruits of folly, and voluptuous life.
 Sated with luxury his stomach loathes
 Most palatable meats : with heavy pain
 His eyes roll slowly ; if he drops to rest,

He starts delirous, and still seems to see
Horrible fiends, that tear him from mankind.
His flushing cheeks now glow like flames of fire:
Now chill'd, he trembles with extremes of cold
That shoots, like darts of ice, thro' every vein.
Ev'n then, when art was conquer'd, pray'r's and vows
Lenient of anger soon appeas'd the Lord,
Whose faving providence restor'd his health,
And snatch'd th' expiring from the jaws of death.

But mostly they who voyage o'er the deeps
Observe the works of God. Sudden, from high
Down pours a rushing storm, more dreadful made
By darkness: save what light the flashing waves
Disclose. The vessel rides sublime in air
High on the surging billows, or again

Pre-

Precipitous thro' yawning chasms descends,
 Heart-thrilling plaints, and hands up-rear'd to heay'n
 Speak well their anguish, and desires to live.
 Shock'd by each bursting wave that whirls 'em round,
 They stagger in amaze, like reeling men
 Intoxicated with the fumes of wine.
 Yet when they cry to God, his saving pow'r
 Hushes the winds, and bids the main subside.
 Instead of storms the whisp'ring zephyrs fan
 The silent deep, and wave their pendent sails.
 Then ev'ry heart exults : joyous repose
 Dismisses each terrific thought, when once
 (At heav'n's command) the weary vessel makes
 Her long-expected haven. "O that men
 " Would praise th' unbounded goodness of the Lord,
 " Declare his miracles, and laud his pow'r !
 His ryes rouf flowiy's if he drops ro left,

To

To him once more address your songs of praise
In ev'ry temple sacred to his name,

Or where the rev'rend senators conven'd

In council sit. He turns the limpid streams,

And flow'ry meadows to a dreary waft.

Where corn has grown, and fragrant roses fill'd

The skies with odoriferous sweets, he bids

The baleful aconite up-lift its head.

(The curse of impious nations) and again

In lonely desarts at his high behests

Soft-purling rills in sportive mazes glide

Mæander'd thro' the valleys : there he bids

The hungry souls *encrease* and *multiply*.

His bounteous hand the while pours goodness down

Ineffable, and guards their num'rous herds.

Tho' thousands fall, his mercy still renew's

The never-ending race—When tyrants, proud

Of arrogated greatness, without law

Unpeople realms, and breathe, but to destroy,

Then God his high prerogative asserts,

Resumes his pow'r, and blasts their guilty heads;

Then raises from the dust the humble soul

Who meekly bore indignities and woe.



To

—Whence issues broad



To my Soul.

From *Chaucer.*

FAR from mankind, my weary soul retire,
Still follow truth, contentment still desire.

Who climbs on high, at best his weakness shows,
Who rouls in riches, all to fortune owes.

Read well thy self, and mark thy early ways,
Vain is the muse, and envy waits on praise.

II.

Wav'ring as winds the breath of fortune blows,
No pow'r can turn it, and no pray'rs compose.

Deep in some hermit's solitary cell
 Repose and ease and contemplation dwell,
 Let conscience guide thee in the days of need ;
 Judge well thy own, and then thy neighbour's deed.

III.

What Heav'n bestows with thankful eyes receive ;
 First ask thy heart, and then thro' faith believe.
 Slowly we wander o'er a toilsome way,
 Shadows of life, and pilgrims of a day.
 " Who wrestles in this world, receives a fall ;
 " Look up on high, and thank thy God for all !



ERRATA.

Pag. 28. in the Note, for 500 read 1500.

Pag. 30. Unerring truth, &c. the Couplet misplaced, dele.

Pag. 128. ver. 8. for grace, read race.

BOOKS printed for BERNARD LINTOT.

	L. s. d.
T HE Works of Chaucer, publish'd by Mr. Urny, in quires.	5 10 0
— Ditto on Royal Paper.	2 10 0
The Works of Mr. Pope in 7 Vols. Royal 4to bound, gilt.	10 10 0
— Ditto Secord Royal (Subscribers Books.)	8 8 0
— Ditto Large Paper in Folio, bound and gilt.	7 7 0
— Ditto Small Paper in Folio, bound and gilt.	4 0 0
— Ditto in 12mo. with Dr. King's History of the Heathen Gods and Heroes: Necessary for the Readers of Homer.	1 1 0
Mr. Pope's Homer's Odyssey, in Five Volumes, large Paper, Folio, bound and gilt.	5 5 0
— Ditto Small Paper.	3 3 0
— Ditto in 12mo.	0 15 0
Mons. Wicquefort of the Functions of an Ambassador.	1 15 0
— On Large Paper, bound and gilt.	5 5 0
— On Small Paper.	1 5 0
Mr. Farquhar's Comedies. On Royal Paper.	8 12 0
History of the Saracens. On Royal Paper, 2 Vols.	1 1 0
Dr. King's Art of Love. Royal Paper.	0 6 0
Mr. Vernon's Chancery Cases, large Paper, bound.	1 15 0
— Ditto on small Paper.	0 17 6
N. B. The Second Volume is preparing for the Press. Reports taken by Robert Skinner, Esq; and publish'd by his Son Matheus Skinner, Esq; Serjeant at Law, and Recorder of the City of Oxford, will speedily be publish'd.	
Dr. Fiddes's Body of Divinity, 2 vols.	2 10 0
— Ditto on Royal Paper.	4 0 0
Joannis Seldenij jurisconsulti Opera omnia, tam edita quam inedita. Collegit ac recensuit, Vitam Auctoris, Praefationes & Iddices adjecit, David Wilkins, S. T. P. In 6 Vol. Charta mag. in Sheets.	10 1 0
	6 14 0
Capt. Breval's Remarks on several parts of Europe, with above 45 Plates, 2 vol.	2 10 0
England's newest way in all sorts of Cookery and Pastry. The Fourth Edition.	0 2 6
Phaedra and Hippolitus, by Mr. Ed. Smith.	0 1 6
Lord Lansdown's Plays.	0 3 0
Sir Richard Steel's Comedies.	0 3 0
— Conscious Lovers.	0 1 6
Mr. Farquhar's Comedies, 2 vol.	0 6 0
Mr. Gibber's Plays, 4to. Royal Paper.	1 5 0
Mr. Southern's Plays, 2 vol.	0 5 0

Books printed for B. LINTOT.

		l. s. d.
Mr. Gay's Plays.	—	6 4 6
Moliere's Comedies, Eng. 6 vol.	—	0 15 0
Letters of Love and Gallantry, by Aristenetus.	—	0 2 0
Mrs. Philips's Letters to Sir C. Cottrell.	—	0 3 0
Rapin of Gardens, a Poem, by Mr. Gardiner.	—	0 4 0
Mr. Pope's Homer's Iliad, and Odyssey, 11 vol. 12°	—	1 13 0
— His Essay on Criticism.	—	0 1 0
— Windsor Forest.	—	0 1 0
— Messiah.	—	—
— Ode for Musick.	—	0 1 6
— Rape of the Lock with Key.	—	—
— Temple of Fame.	—	0 1 0
— Eloisa to Abelard.	—	0 1 0
Dean Parnel's Poems, by Mr. Pope.	—	0 3 6
Earl Lauderdale's Virgil, 2 vol.	—	0 5 0
Horace, with Notes upon Notes.	—	0 10 0
— Ditto without Notes.	—	0 2 0
Dacier's Homer, 5 vol.	—	0 12 6
Mr. Somerville's Poems.	—	0 5 0
Rev. Mr. Broome's Poems.	—	0 4 0
Rev. Mr. Pitt's Poems.	—	0 3 6
Mr. Harte's Poems.	—	—
Mr. Fenton's Poems.	—	0 3 6
Oxford and Cambridge Poems.	—	0 5 0
Shakespear's Poems.	—	0 2 6
Mr. Pope's Poems.	—	0 12 0
— Miscellany, 2 vol.	—	0 5 0
Mr. Gay's Poems, 4to Royal.	—	1 5 0
Lady Chudleigh's Poems.	—	0 2 6
Miscellany of Poems.	—	0 3 6
Dr. King's Art of Cookery.	—	0 1 6
— Art of Love.	—	0 3 6
— Transactions.	—	0 3 0
— Useful Miscellanies.	—	0 6 0
Bezae Poemata Juvenilia.	—	0 1 0
Landesh Poemata.	—	0 1 0
The Assembly, by Mr. Barford.	—	0 1 0
La Motte upon Homer.	—	0 1 0
Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice.	—	0 1 6
The Whatdeyecallit, a Farce.	—	0 1 0
Trivia: or the Art of walking London Streets.	—	0 1 0
Dr. King's Heathen Gods, necessary for the Readers of Poetry.	—	0 2 0
Mr. Trap's Praelectiones Poeticae.	—	0 5 0
Dean Daniel on the Psalms.	—	0 2 0
The Royal Penitent.	—	0 1 0
A Treatise upon the Modes.	—	0 1 0
		Dr.

Books printed for B. LINTOT.

	L	s.	d.
Dr. Fiddes on the Sacrament.	—	0	1 0
Dupin's Church Hist. abridg'd. 4 vol.	—	0	10 0
La Placete on Death. 2 vol.	—	0	5 0
Gardener on the Beatitudes.	—	0	5 0
Goddard's 6 Sermons.	—	0	7 0
Dr. Tilly's Sermons.	—	0	5 0
— His Four Offices of Prayer.	—	0	2 6
Bishop Williams's Sermons, at Boyle's Lecture	—	0	5 0
Dr. Bishop's Sermons, preach'd at St. Paul's.	—	0	5 0
Lamb's Abridg. of Bishop Pearson.	—	0	2 6
Timothy and Philatheus. 3 vol.	—	0	15 0
Essay on private Judgment.	—	0	2 6
A full View of Popery.	—	0	5 0
Advice to young Gentlemen.	—	0	1 0
Bishop Saunderson's Cases of Conscience.	—	0	14 0
Lefrange's Seneca's Morals.	—	0	5 0
Hooker's Eccl. Polit.	—	1	1 0
Basnage's Hist. of the Jews.	—	1	5 0
Mr. Trapp on the Lord's Prayer.	—	0	1 0
Engl. Theophrastus. By Boyer.	—	0	5 0
Sentences of Ali. By Mr. Ockley.	—	0	0 6
Doctrine of the Mahometans. By Reland.	—	0	4 0
Geddes's Tracts against Popery.	—	0	5 0
Of the intermediate State of Souls, by Cockburn.	—	0	1 0
Religion of the Wits at Button's.	—	0	1 0
The Protestant Expostulator.	—	0	0 6
Presbyterian Priestcraft.	—	0	0 6
The Case of St. Wenefrid opened.	—	0	0 3
An Exercise upon the Creation, by Mr. Peck.	—	0	1 0
Melack and Kedar, by Trapp.	—	0	0 6
Chillingworth's Judgm. of the Relig. of the Protestants.	—	0	0 4
Oratio in Martyrium regis Caroli coram Acad. Cantab.	—	0	1 0
Mr. Gretton's Review of the Argument à priori, in Ans. to Dr. Clarke.	—	0	1 6
Dr. Keill's Introduction to the true Astronomy, or Astro- nomical Lectures read in the Astronomical School of the University of Oxford.	—	0	6 0
Lect. 1. Of visible and apparent Motion.			
2. Of the apparent Motion which arises from the Motion of the Spectator, or Observer.			
3. Of the System of the World.			
4. In which is proved that the System explained in the former Lecture, is the System of the World.			
5. Of the solar Spots. Of the Rotation of the Sun and Planets round their Axes : And of the fixed Stars.			
6. Of			

Books printed for B. LINTOT.

6. Of the Magnitude and Order of the fixed Stars. Of the Constellations, Catalogues of the Stars, and the Changes to which they are liable.
7. Of the Motion of the Earth round the Sun: And also about her own Axis, whereby the apparent Motion of the Sun and Heavens are explained.
8. Concerning several other Phænomena or Appearances, which depend on the Motion of the Earth.
9. Of the Moon, its Phæses and Motion.
10. Of the Inequalities in the Lunar Motions. The Face of the Moon, her Mountains and Valleys.
11. Of the Obscurations or Eclipses of the Sun and Moon.
12. Of the Penumbra, and its Cone, the height of the Shadow, and the apparent Diameters of the Shadow.
13. Of the Projection of the Moon's Shadow on the Disk of the Earth.
14. A new Method of computing Eclipses of the Sun, as they are to be observed from any given place on the Earth's Surface.
15. Of the Phænomena or Appearances arising from the Motions of the Earth, and the two inferior Planets Venus and Mercury.
16. Of the Motions of the three superior Planets, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, and the Appearances arising from them.
17. Of Comets.
18. The Spherical Doctrine, or the Circles of the Sphere.
19. Of the Doctrine of the Sphere.
20. Of the Twilight, and of the Refraction of the Stars.
21. Of the Parallaxes of the Stars.
22. The Theory of the annual Motion of the Earth.
23. Of the Motion of a Planet in an Eclipse, and the Solution of Kepler's Problem about the cutting of the Elliptick Area.
24. Sir I. Newton's Solution of Kepler's Problem, and Ward's Elliptick Hypothesis explained.
25. Of the Equation of Time.
26. Of the Theories of the other Planets.
27. Of the Stations of the other Planets.
28. Of the Division of Time and its parts.
29. Of the Kalandars of Cycles and Periods.
30. An Appendix, containing a Description and Use of both the Globes; together with some spherical Problems, that are to be solved by a Trigonometrical Calculation.

Written originally in Latin. Translated by the Doctor himself, the Sheets from the Press corrected by Dr. Halley.

